

THE  
TEA - TABLE  
MISCELLANY:  
A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
CHOICE SONGS,  
SCOTS AND ENGLISH.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

*Complete in this volume*  
By ALLAN RAMSAY.

THE FIFTEENTH EDITION.

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John Brown M.D.







## D E D I C A T I O N.

*To ilka lovely BRITISH lass,  
Frae Ladies Charlotte, Anne, and Jean,  
Down to ilk bonny singing Bess,  
Wha dances barefoot on the green.*

DEAR LASSES,

**Y**Our most humble slave,  
Wha ne'er to serve you shall decline,  
Kneeling, wad your acceptance crave,  
When he presents this sma' propine.

Then take it kindly to your care,  
Revive it with your tunefu' notes:  
Its beauties will look sweet and fair,  
Arising fastly through your throats.



iv      D E D I C A T I O N .

The wanton wee thing will rejoice,  
When tented by a sparkling eye,  
The spinet tinkling with her voice,  
It lying on her lovely knee.

While kettles dringe on ingles dour,  
Or clashes stay the lazy lass;  
Thir sangs may ward you frae the sour,  
And gaily vacant minutes pass.

E'en while the tea's fill'd reeking round,  
Rather than plot a tender tongue,  
Treat a' the circling lugs wi' sound,  
Syne safely sip when ye have fung.

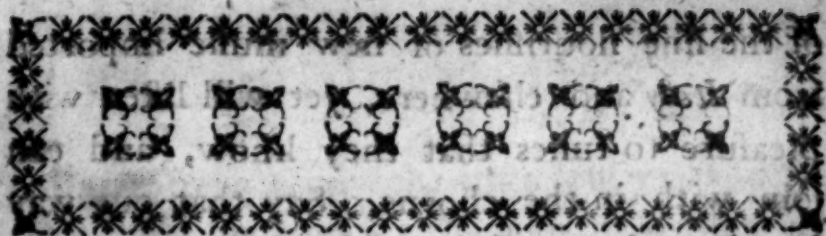
May happiness had up your hearts,  
And warm you lang with loving fires :  
May pow'rs propitious play their parts,  
In matching you to your desires.

EDINBURGH, Jan. 1.

1724.

A. RAMSAY.





## P R E F A C E.

**A**lthough it be acknowledged, that our  
Scots tunes have not lengthened variety  
of music, yet they have an agreeable gaiety  
and natural sweetness, that make them accep-  
table wherever they are known, not only a-  
mong ourselves, but in other countries. They  
are, for the most part, so chearful, that, on  
hearing them well played, or sung, we find a  
difficulty to keep ourselves from dancing.  
What further adds to the esteem we have for  
them, is their antiquity, and their being uni-  
versally known. Mankind's love for novelty  
would appear to contradict this; but will not,  
when we consider, that for one that can tole-  
rably entertain with vocal or instrumental mu-  
sic, there are fifty that content themselves  
with hearing, and singing without the trouble  
of being taught. Now, such are not judges  
of



of the fine flourishes of new music imported from *Italy* and elsewhere, yet will listen with pleasure to tunes that they know, and can join with in the chorus. Say that our way is only an harmonious speaking of merry, witty, or soft thoughts, after the poet has dressed them in four or five stanzas; yet undoubtedly these must relish best with people who have not bestowed much of their time in acquiring a taste for that downright perfect music, which requires none, or very little of the poet's assistance.

My being well assured, how acceptable new words to known tunes would prove, engaged me to the making verses for above sixty of them, in this and the second volume: above thirty more were done by some ingenious young gentlemen, who were so well pleased with my undertaking, that they generously lent me their assistance; and to them the lovers of sense and music are obliged for some of the best songs in the collection. The rest are such old verses as have been done time out of mind, and only wanted to be cleared from the dross of blundering transcribers and printers; such as, *The Gaberlunzieman, Muirland Willy, &c.* that



that claim their place in our collection for their merry images of the low character.

THIS fifteenth edition, in a few years, and the general demand for the book by persons of all ranks, where-ever our language is understood, is a sure evidence of its being acceptable. My worthy friend Dr. *Bannerman* tells me from *America*,

*Not only do your lays o'er Britain flow,  
Round all the globe your happy sonnets go;  
Here thy soft verse, made to a Scottish air,  
Are often sung by our Virginian fair,  
Camilla's warbling notes are heard no more,  
But yield to Last time I came o'er the moor;  
Hydasps and Rinaldo both give way  
To Mary Scot, Tweedside, and Mary Gray.*

FROM this and the following volume, Mr. *Thomson*, (who is allowed by all to be a good teacher and singer of *Scots* songs) culled his *Orpheus Caledonius*, the music for both the voice and flute, and the words of the songs finely engraven in a folio book, for the use of persons of the highest quality in *Britain*, and dedicated to the Queen. This, by the bye, I thought



thought proper to intimate, and do myself that justice which the publisher neglected; since he ought to have acquainted his illustrious list of subscribers, that the most of the songs were mine, the music abtracted.

IN my compositions and collections, I have kept out all smut and ribaldry, that the modest voice and ear of the fair singer might meet with no affront; the chief bent of all my studies being to gain their good graces; and it shall always be my care to ward off those frowns that would prove mortal to my muse.

Now, little books, go your ways; be assured of favourable reception, where-ever the sun shines on the free-born chearful *Briton*; steal yourselves into the ladies bosoms. Happy volumes! you are to live too as long as the song of *Homer* in *Greek* and *English*, and mix your ashes only with the odes of *Horace*. Were it but my fate, when old and ruffled, like you to be again reprinted, what a curious figure would I appear on the utmost limits of time, after a thousand editions? Happy volumes!

you



P R E F A C E. ix

you are secure ; but I must yield, please the ladies, and take care of my fame.

In hopes of this, fearless of coming age,

I'll smile thro' life ; and when for rhyme renown'd,

I'll calmly quit the farce and giddy stage,

And sleep beneath a flow'ry turf full sound.

b

I N-



Those marked C, are said to have  
been composed by Mr Crawford of  
Acknamers



# I N D E X.

Beginning with the first line of every SONG.

The SONGS marked C, D, H, L, M, O, &c. are new words by different hands; X, the authors unknown; Z, old songs; Q, old songs with additions.

A.	
A H, Ch'oe, thou treasure, thou joy, &c.	34
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As from a rock past all relief	52
Auld Rob Morris that wins in yon glen	58
As ylvia in a forest lay	60
And I'll o'er the moor to Maggy	60
At Polwart on the green	64
As walking forth to view the plain	66
Ah! why those tears in Nelly's eyes	88
Ah! the shepherd's mournful fate	89
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Adieu for a while, my native green plains	132
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Altho' I be but a country-lass	169
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A southland Jenny that was right bonny	182
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— At setting day and rising morn	208
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— All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd	230
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As musing I rang'd in a meadow alone	326
All you that would refine your blood	340
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As I am a friend	372
Ah! woes me, poor Willy cry'd	377
As tippling John was jogging on	390
As after noon, on summer's day	397
Alexis, how artless a lover	397
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As Dolly was milking of the cows	430
A woman's ware, like china	436
Assist your vot'ry, friendly Nine	445

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By a murmuring stream a fair shepherdess lay	17✓
Blate Johnny faintly told fair Jean his mind	24✓
Bright Cynthia's power divinely great	35✓
By smooth winding Tay a swain was reclining	66✓
Beneath a beech's grateful shade	71
By the delicious warmth of thy mouth	75
— Beneath a green shade I found a fair maid	76✓



# I N D E X

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85✓	Bless'd as th' immortal gods is he	109
94	Beauty from fancy takes its arms	112
08	Balow, my boy, ly still and sleep	120
25	Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride	133
30	Blyth Jocky young and gay	151
34	Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride	221
47	Be wary, my Celia, when Celadon sues	235
73	Bless'd as th' immortal gods is he	287
74	Bacchus is a power divine	294
81	Belinda with affected mien	310
83	By the side of a great kitchen-fire	329
04	Bacchus must now his power resign	331
06	Blyth, blyth, blyth was she	422✓
09	By mason's art the aspiring dome	340
15	Believe my sighs, my tears, my dear	398
26		
40	C.	
54	Come, let's hae mair wine in	25
55	Celestial muses, tune your lyres	29
72	Come fill me a bumper, my jolly, brave boys	48
77	Confess thy love, fair blushing maid	118
90	Come, Florinda, lovely charmer	157
97	Come here's to the nymph that I love	158
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	Come, carles a' of fumlbers ha'	357
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24✓	Cynthia frowns whene'er I woo her	394
35✓	Come, love, let's walk by yonder spring	407
66✓	Care, away gae thou frae me	408
71	Come, lads, ne'er plague your heads	414
75	Can love be controll'd by advice	418
76✓	Celia now my heart hath broke	447

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Good people, draw near	441

How



# I N D E X

iv

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99	Hear me, ye nymphs, and every swain	2
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42	How blyth ilk morn was I to see	13
77	Happy's the love which meets return	62
89	Have you any pots or pans	96
06	Honest man, John Ochiltree	125
27	How happy is the rural clown	186
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10	He that will not merry merry be	292
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84	He who for ever	309
32	How happy a state does the miller possess	322
34	How bless'd are beggar-lasses	344
50	Having spent all my time	353
56	How pleasant a sailor's life passes	364
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05	Hark! away, 'tis the merry ton'd horn	393
40	How happy are we	424
65	Hey! my kitten, a kitten	439

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14	In vain, fond youth, thy tears give o'er	36
0	In April, when primroses paint the sweet plain	43
17	I will awa' wi' my love	63
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----------------------------------	-----

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Love never more shall give me pain	55
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# I N D E X.

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My dear and only love, I pray	100
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c

O lovely



## O.

O lovely maid! how dear's thy power	14
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O Sandy, why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn	44
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# I N D E X.

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— The last time I came o'er the moor	39
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The



# I N D E X

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36	To Fanny fair could I impart	388
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97	The gamesters and lawyers are jugglers alike	420
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Where



# I N D E X.

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Ye shepherds and nymphs that adorn, &c.	47
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465 3/4



A  
 COLLECTION  
 OF  
 CHOICE SONGS.

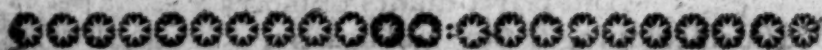
✓ B O N N Y C H R I S T Y.



2 A COLLECTION

Thus sang blate Edie by a burn,  
His Christy did o'er-hear him;  
She doughtna let her lover mourn,  
But ere he wist drew near him.  
She spake her favour with a look,  
Which left nae room to doubt her:  
He wisely this white minnte took,  
And sang his arms about her.

My Christy! — witness, bonny stream,  
Sic joys frae tears arising,  
I with this may na be a dream;  
O love the maist surprising!  
Time was too precious now for tauk;  
'This point of a' his wishes  
He wadna with set speeches bauk,  
But war'd it a' on kisses.



*By Mr. Crawford of Auchtermuchty*  
The Bush aboon TRAQUAIR.

**H**EAR me, ye nymphs and ev'ry swain,  
I'll tell how Peggy grieves me,  
Tho' thus I languish, thus complain,  
Alas! she ne'er believes me.  
My vows and sighs, like silent air,  
Unheeded never move her;  
At the bonny bush aboon Traquair,  
'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smil'd, and made me glad,  
No maid seem'd ever kinder;  
I thought myself the luckiest lad,  
So sweetly there to find her.  
I try'd to sooth my am'rous flame,  
In words that I thought tender;  
If more there pass'd I'm not to blame,  
I meant not to offend her.



Yet now she scornful flies the plain,  
The fields were then frequented;  
If e'er we meet she shows disdain,  
She looks as ne'er acquainted.  
The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,  
Its sweets I'll ay remember,  
But now her frowns makes it decay,  
It fades as in December,

Ye rural powers who hear my strains,  
Why thus should Peggy grieve me!  
Oh! make her partner in my pains,  
Then let her smiles relieve me.  
If not, my love will turn despair,  
My passion no more tender.  
I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,  
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

C.



An O D E.

Tune, *Polwart on the green,*

**T**HO' beauty, like the rose  
That smiles on Polwart green,  
In various colours shows,  
As 'tis by fancy seen:  
Yet all its diff'rent glories ly,  
United in thy face,  
And virtue, like the sun on high,  
Gives rays to ev'ry grace.

So charming is her air,  
So smooth, so calm her mind,  
That to some angel's care  
Each motion seems assign'd:  
But yet so cheerful, sprightly, gay,  
The joyful moments fly,  
As if for wings they stole the ray  
She darteth from her eye.



Kind am'rous Cupids, while  
 With tuneful voice she sings  
 Perfume her breath and smile,  
 And wave their balmy wings;  
 But as the tender blushes rise,  
 Soft innocence doth warm,  
 The soul in blefsful ecstacies  
 Dissolveth in the charm.



## T W E E D - S I D E.

*By Mr. Campbell of Auchinames*

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose?  
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed?  
 Yet Mary's still sweeter than those;  
 Both nature and fancy exceed,  
 Nor daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,  
 Not all the gay flow'rs of the field,  
 Not Tweed gliding sweetly through those,  
 Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,  
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,  
 The blackbird and sweet cooing dove,  
 With music enchant ev'ry bush.  
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,  
 Let us see how the primroses spring,  
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,  
 And love while the feather'd folks sing.

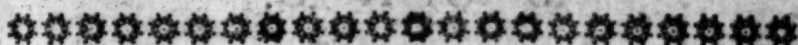
How does my love pass the long day?  
 Does Mary not 'tend a few sheep?  
 Do they never carelessly stray,  
 While happily she lies asleep?  
 Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest;  
 Kind nature indulging my bliss,  
 To relieve the soft pains of my breast,  
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

*Mary Stewart of the Castlemiel Tis  
 family, afterwards married to a Mr. Riddle  
 (B. 1700)*



# OF CHOICE SONGS.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,  
 No beauty with her may compare;  
 Love's graces all round her do dwell,  
 She's fairest where thousands are fair.  
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?  
 Oh! tell me at noon where they feed;  
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,  
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?



## S O N G.

*Tune, Wo's my heart that we should sunder.*

**I**S Hamilla then my own?  
 O! the dear, the charming treasure;  
 Fortune now in vain shall frown;  
 All my future life is pleasure.

See how rich with youthful grace,  
 Beauty warms her ev'ry feature;  
 Smiling heav'n is in her face,  
 All is gay, and all is nature.

See what mingling charms arise,  
 Rosy smiles, and kindling blushes;  
 Love sits laughing in her eyes,  
 And betrays her secret wishes.

Haste then from the Idalian grove,  
 Infant smiles, and sports, and graces;  
 Spread the downy couch for love,  
 And lull us in your sweet embraces.

Softest raptures, pure from noise,  
 This fair happy night surround us;  
 While a thousand sprightly joys  
 Silent flutter all around us.

*Thus*



6 A COLLECTION

Thus unsour'd with care or strife,  
 Heav'n still guard this dearest blessing!  
 While we tread the path of life,  
 Loving still, and still possessing.

3.

\*\*\*\*\*

S O N G.

LET's be jovial, fill our glasses,  
 Madness 'tis for us to think,  
 How the world is rul'd by asses,  
 And the wise are sway'd by chink.  
*Fa, la, ra, &c.*

Then never let vain cares oppress us,  
 Riches are to them a snare,  
 We're ev'ry one as rich as Cræsus,  
 While our bottle drowns our care.  
*Fa, la, ra, &c.*

Wine will make us red as roses,  
 And our sorrows quite forget:  
 Come let us fuddle all our noses,  
 Drink ourselves quite out of debt.  
*Fa, la, ra, &c.*

When grim death is looking for us,  
 We are toping at our bowls,  
 Bacchus joining in the chorus:  
 Death, be gone, here's none but souls.  
*Fa, la, ra, &c.*

God-like Bacchus thus commanding,  
 Trembling death away shall fly,  
 Ever after understanding,  
 Drinking souls can never die.  
*Fa, la, ra, &c.*

X.

MUIRLAND



• CHOICE SONGS. 7

MUIRLAND WILLIE.

**H** Arken, and I will tell you how  
Young muirland Willie came to woo,  
Though he could neither say nor do,  
The truth I tell to you.  
But ay he cries, Whate'er betide,  
Maggy I'fe ha'e to be my bride.  
*With a fal, dal, &c.*

On his gray yade as he did ride,  
With durk and pistol by his side,  
He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,  
Wi' meikle mirth and glee.  
Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon muir,  
Till he came to her dady's door.  
*With a fal, -dal, &c.*

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within?  
I'm come your doghter's love to win,  
I care na for making meikle din;  
What answer gi'e ye me?  
Now wooer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down,  
I'll gi'e ye my doghter's love to win.  
*With a fal, dal, &c.*

Now, wooer, sin ye are lighted down,  
Where do ye win, or in what town?  
I think my doghter winna gloom  
On sic a lad as ye.  
The wooer he stept up the house,  
And wow but he was wond'rous crouse.  
*With a fal, dal, &c.*

I have three owfen in a plough,  
Twa good ga'en yads, and gear enough;  
The place they ca' it Cadeneugh;  
I scorn to tell a lie.

Besides



# A COLLECTION

Besides, I ha'e frae the great laird,  
A peat-pat, and a lang kail-yard,  
*With a fal, dal, &c.*

The maid pat on her kirtle brown,  
She was the brawest in a' the town;  
I wat on him she did na gloom,  
But blinkit bonnilie.

The lover he stended up in haste,  
And gript her hard about the waste,  
*With a fal, dal, &c.*

To win your love, maid, I'm come here;  
I'm young, and ha'e enough o' gear;  
And for mysell you need na fear,  
Troth try me whan ye like.

He took aff his bonnet, and spat in his chow,  
He dighted his gab, and he pri'd her mou',  
*With a fal, dal, &c.*

The maiden blush'd, and bing'd fu' la'  
She had na will to say him na,  
But to her daddie she left it a',  
As they twa cou'd agree.

The lover he gae her the tither kifs,  
Sync ran to her dady, and tell'd him this,  
*With a fal, dal, &c.*

Your doughter wad na say me na,  
But to yoursell she has left it a',  
As we cou'd 'gree between us twa;  
Say, what'll ye gi'e me wi' her?

Now, wooer, quo' he, I ha'e nae meikle,  
But sic's I ha'e ye's get a pickle,  
*With a fal, dal, &c.*

A kilnfu' of corn I'll gi'e to thee,  
Three soums of sheep, twa good milk ky,  
Ye's ha'e the wadding dinner free;  
Troth I dow do na mair.

Content,



OF CHOICE SONGS.

9

Content, quo' he, a bargain be't;  
I'm far frae hame, make haste let's do't,  
*With a fal, dal, &c.*

The bridal-day it came to pals,  
With mony a blythsome lad and lass;  
But sicken a day there never was,

Sic mirth was never seen.

This winsome couple straked hands,  
Mefs John ty'd up the marriage bands,  
*With a fal, dal, &c.*

And our bride's maidens were na few,  
Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blew,  
Frae tap to tae they were braw-new,  
And blinkit bonnilie.

Their toys and mutches were sae clean,  
They glanced in our ladses' een,  
*With a fal, dal, &c.*

Sic hirdum, dirdum, and sic din,  
Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him;  
The minstrels they did never blin,  
Wi' meikle mirth and glee.  
And ay they bobit, and ay they beckt,  
And ay their wames together met,  
*With a fal, dal, &c.*

Z.



✓ The PROMIS'D JOY.

Tune, *Carl an the King come.*

WHEN we meet again, Phely,  
When we meet again, Phely,  
Raptures will reward our pain,  
And loss result in gain, Phely,

VOL. I.

B

Long

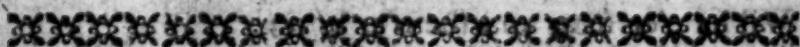


Long the sport of fortune driv'n,  
To despair our thoughts were giv'n,  
Our odds will all be ev'n, Phely,  
*When we meet again, Phely, &c.*

Now in dreary distant groves,  
Though we moan like turtle-doves,  
Suff'ring best our virtue proves,  
And will enhance our loves, Phely,  
*When we meet again, Phely, &c.*

Joy will come in a surprise,  
Till its happy hour arise;  
Temper well your love-sick sighs,  
For hope becomes the wife, Phely,  
*When we meet again, Phely,  
When we meet again, Phely,  
Raptures will reward our pain,  
And loss result in gain, Phely.*

M.



To DELIA, on her drawing him to her  
Valentine.

Tune, *Black ey'd Susan.*

**Y**E powers! was Damon then so blest,  
To fall to charming Delia's share;  
Delia, the beauteous maid, possess  
Of all that's soft, and all that's fair?  
Here cease thy bounty, O indulgent heav'n!  
I ask no more, for all my wish is giv'n.

I came, and Delia smiling shew'd,  
She smil'd, and shew'd the happy name;  
With rising joy my heart o'erflow'd,  
I felt, and blest the new-born flame.

May



May softest pleasures careless round her move,  
May all her nights be joy, and days be love.

She drew the treasure from her breast,  
That breast where love and graces play,  
O name beyond expression blest !  
Thus lodg'd with all that's fair and gay.  
To be so lodg'd ! the thought is ecstacy,  
Who would not wish in paradise to ly ?

R.

\*\*\*\*\*

### The FAITHFUL SHEPHERD.

Tune, *Auld lang syne.*

W<sup>H</sup>en flow'ry meadows deck the year,  
And sporting lambkins play,  
When spangl'd fields renew'd appear,  
And music wak'd the day ;  
Then did my Chloe leave her bow'r,  
To hear my am'rous lay ;  
Warm'd by my love, she vow'd no pow'r  
Shou'd lead her heart astray.

The warbling quires from ev'ry bough  
Surround our couch in throngs,  
And all their tuneful art bestow,  
To give us change of songs :  
Scenes of delight my soul possess'd,  
I bless'd, then hugg'd my maid ;  
I robb'd the kisses from her breast,  
Sweet as a noon-day's shade.

Joy transporting never fails  
To fly away as air,  
Another swain with her prevails  
To be as false as fair.  
What can my fatal passion cure ?  
I'll never woo again ;  
All her disdain I must endure,  
Adoring her in vain.

B 2

What



What pity 'tis to hear the boy  
 Thus sighing with his pain;  
 But time and scorn may give him joy,  
 To hear her sigh again.  
 Ah! fickle Chloe, be advis'd,  
 Do not thyself beguile,  
 A faithful lover should be priz'd,  
 Then cure him with a smile.



To Mrs. S. H. on her taking something  
 ill I said.

Tune, *Hallow ev'n.*

**W**HY hangs that cloud upon thy brow?  
 That beauteous heav'n ere while serene?  
 Whence do these storms and tempests flow,  
 Or what this gust of passion mean?  
 And must then mankind lose that light,  
 Which in thine eyes was wont to shine,  
 And ly obscure in endless night,  
 For each poor silly speech of mine?

Dear child, how can I wrong thy name,  
 Since 'tis acknowledg'd, at all hands,  
 That could ill tongues abuse thy fame,  
 Thy beauty can make large amends:  
 Or if I durst profanely try  
 Thy beauty's pow'rful charms t' upbraid,  
 Thy virtue well might give the lie,  
 Nor call thy beauty to its aid.

For Venus every heart t' ensnare,  
 With all her charms has deck'd thy face,  
 And Pallas, with unusual care,  
 Bids wisdom heighten every grace,  
 Who can the double pain endure;  
 Or who must not resign the field



To thee, celestial maid, secure  
With Cūpid's bow, and Pallas' shield?

If then to thee such pow'r is given,  
Let not a wretch in torment live,  
But smile, and learn to copy heaven,  
Since we must sin ere it forgive.  
Yet pitying heaven not only does  
Forgive th' offender and th' offence,  
But even itself appeas'd bestows,  
As the reward of penitence.

H.



### The Broom of Cowdenknows.

**H**OW blyth ilk morn was I to see  
The swain come o'er the hill!  
He skipt the burn and flew to me:  
I met him with good will.  
*O the broom, the bonnie bonny broom,  
The broom of Cowdenknows;  
I wish I were with my dear swain,  
With his pipe and my ewes.*

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,  
While his flock near me lay:  
He gather'd in my sheep at night,  
And chear'd me a' the day.  
*O the broom, &c.*

He tun'd his pipe and reed sae sweet,  
The birds stood list'ning by:  
E'en the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,  
Charm'd with his melody.  
*O the broom, &c.*

While thus we spent our time by turns,  
Betwixt our flocks and play;  
I envy'd not the fairest dame,  
Tho' ne'er so rich and gay.  
*O the broom, &c.*

Hard

To



Hard fate that I should banish'd be,  
Gang heavily and mourn,  
Because I lov'd the kindest swain  
That ever yet was born.  
*O the broom, &c.*

He did oblige me ev'ry hour,  
Cou'd I but faithfu' be?  
He staw my heart: Cou'd I refuse  
Whate'er he ask'd of me?  
*O the broom, &c.*

My doggie, and my little kit  
That held my wee soup whey,  
My plaidy, broach, and crooked stick,  
May now ly ufelefs by.  
*O the broom, &c.*

Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu,  
Farewel a' pleasures there;  
Ye gods, restore me to my swain,  
Is a' I crave or care.  
*O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,  
The broom of Cowdenknows:  
I wish I were with my dear swain,  
With his pipe and my ewes.*

S. R.

TO CHLOE.

Tune, *I wish my Love were in a Mire.*

O Lovely maid, how dear's thy pow'r?  
At once I love at once adore :  
With wonder are my thoughts possess'd,  
While softest love inspires my breast.  
This tender look, these eyes of mine,  
Confess their am'rous master thine ;

## These



These eyes with Strephon's passion play,  
First make me love, and then betray.

Yes, charming victor, I am thine,  
Poor as it is, this heart of mine  
Was never in another's pow'r,  
Was never pierc'd by love before.  
In thee I've treasur'd up my joy,  
Thou can't give bliss, or bliss destroy:  
And thus I've bound myself to love,  
While bliss or misery can move.

O should I ne'er possess thy charms,  
Ne'er meet my comfort in thy arms;  
Were hopes of dear enjoyment gone,  
Still would I love, love thee alone.  
But, like some discontented shade  
That wanders where its body's laid,  
Mournful I'd roam with hollow glare,  
For ever exil'd from my fair. L.



Upon hearing his picture was in  
CHLOE's breast.

Tune, *The fourteen of October.*

YE gods! was Strephon's picture blest  
With the fair heaven of Chloe's breast?  
Move softer, thou fond flatt'ring heart,  
Oh gently throb,—too fierce thou art.  
Tell me thou brightest of thy kind,  
For Strephon was the bliss design'd?  
For Strephon's sake, dear charming maid,  
Didst thou prefer his wand'ring shade?

And thou, blest shade, that sweetly art  
Lodged so near my Chloe's heart,  
For me the tender hour improve,  
And softly tell how dear I love.

Ungrate.



Ungrateful thing! it scorns to hear  
 Its wretched master's ardent pray'r,  
 Ingrossing all that beauteous heav'n,  
 That Chloe, lavish maid, has giv'n.

I cannot blame thee: Were I lord  
 Of all the wealth those breasts afford,  
 I'd be a miser too, nor give  
 An alms to keep a god alive.  
 Oh smile not thus, my lovely fair,  
 On these cold looks, that lifeless are;  
 Prize him whose bosom glows with fire,  
 With eager love and soft desire.

'Tis true, thy charms, O pow'rful maid,  
 To life can bring the silent shade:  
 Thou canst surpass the painter's art,  
 And real warmth and flames impart.  
 But oh! it ne'er can love like me,  
 I've ever lov'd, and lov'd but thee:  
 Then, charmer, grant my fond request,  
 Say thou canst love, and make me bless'd.



### Song for a SERENADE.

Tune, *The broom of Cowdenknows.*

**T**EACH me, Chloe, how to prove,  
 My boasted flame sincere:  
 'Tis hard to tell how dear I love,  
 And hard to hide my care.

Sleep in vain displays her charms,  
 To bribe my soul to rest,  
 Vainly spreads her filken arms,  
 And courts me to her breast.

Where



Where ead Strephon find repose,  
 If Chloe is not there?  
 For ah! no peace his bosom knows,  
 When absent from the fair.

What tho' Phœbus from on high  
 With-holds his chearful ray,  
 Thine eyes can well his light supply,  
 And give me more than day. L



✓ Love is the cause of my mourning.

BY a murmuring stream a fair shepherdess lay,  
 Be so kind, O ye nymphs, I oft times heard her say,  
 Tell Strephon I die, if he passes this way,  
*And that love is the cause of my mourning.*

False shepherds, that tell me of beauty and charms,  
 You deceive me, for Strephon's cold heart never  
 warms;

Yet bring me this Strephon, let me die in his arms,  
*Oh Strephon! the cause of my mourning.*

But first, said she, let me go

Down to the shades below,

Ere ye let Strephon know

That I have lov'd him so:

Then on my pale cheek no blushes will show

*That love was the cause of my mourning.*

Her eyes were scarce closed when Strephon came by;

He thought she'd been sleeping, and softly drew nigh

But finding her breathless, Oh heavens! did he cry,

*Ah Chloris! the cause of my mourning.*

Restore me my Chloris, ye nymphs, use your art.

They sighing, reply'd, 'Twas yourself shot the dart,

That wounded the tender young shepherdess' heart,

*And kill'd the poor Chloris with mourning.*

Ah then, is Chloris dead,

Wounded by me? he said;

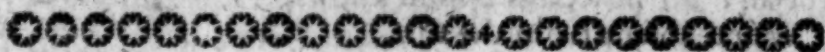
I'll follow thee, chaste maid,

Down to the silent shade.



Then on her cold snowy breast leaning his head,  
*Expir'd the poor Strephon with mourning.*

X.



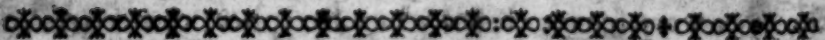
To Mrs. A. H. on seeing her at a concert.

*Tune, The bonniest lass in a' the world.*

**L**OOK where my dear Hamilla smiles,  
 Hamilla ! heav'nly charmer ;  
 See how, with all their arts and wiles,  
 The Loves and Graces arm her.  
 A blush dwells glowing on her cheeks,  
 Fair feats of youthful pleasures,  
 There love in smiling language speaks,  
 There spreads his rosy treasures.

O fairest maid, I own thy pow'r,  
 I gaze, I sigh, and languish.  
 Yet ever, ever will adore,  
 And triumph in my anguish.  
 But ease, O charmer, ease my care,  
 And let my torments move thee ;  
 As thou art fairest of the fair,  
 So I the dearest love thee.

2. C.



The bonny Scot.

*Tune, The Boat-man*

**Y**E gales that gently wave the sea,  
 And please the canny boat-man,  
 Bear me frae hence, or bring to me  
 My brave, my bonny Scot—man:  
 In haly bands  
 We join'd our hands,

Te



Yet may not this discover,  
While parents rate  
A large estate,  
Before a faithfu' lover.

But I loor ehuse in Highland glens  
To herd the kid and goat——man,  
Ere I cou'd for sic little ends  
Refuse my bonny Scot——man.  
Wae worth the man  
Wha first began  
The base ungenerous fashion,  
Frac greedy views  
Love's art to use,  
While strangers to its passion.

Frac foreign fields, my lovely youth,  
Haste to thy longing lassie,  
Who pants to press thy ba'my mouth,  
And in her bosom hawse thee.  
Love gi'es the word,  
Then haste on board,  
Fair winds and tenty boat-man,  
Waft o'er, waft o'er  
Frac yonder shore,  
My blyth, my bonny Scot——man.



✓ SCORNFU' NANCY.

To its own Tune,  
**N**ANSY's to the green-wood gane,  
To hear the gowdspink chatt'ring,  
And Willie he has followed her,  
To gain her love by flatt'ring:  
But a' that he cou'd say or do,  
She geck'd and scorned at him;  
And ay when he began to woo,  
She bid him mind wha gat him.



What ails ye at my dad, quoth he,  
 My minny or my aunty?  
 With crowdy mowdy they fed me,  
 Lang-oail and ranty-tanty:  
 With bannocks of good barley-meal,  
 Of thae there was right plenty;  
 With chapped stocks fou butter'd well;  
 And was not that right dainty?

Although my father was nae laird,  
 'Tis daffin to be vaunty,  
 He kepit ay a good kail yard,  
 A ha' house and a pantry:  
 A good blew bonnet on his head,  
 An owrlay 'bout his craigy;  
 And ay until the day he dy'd,  
 He rade on good thanks naggy.

Now wae and wonder on your snout,  
 Wad ye hac bonny Nanfy?  
 Wad ye compare yourfell to me,  
 A docken till a tanfie?  
 I hae a wooer of my ain,  
 They ca' him souple Sandy,  
 And well I wat his bonny wou'  
 Is sweet like sugar-candy.

Wow, Nanfy, what needs a' this din?  
 Do I not ken this Sandy?  
 I'm fure the chief of a' his kin  
 Was Rob the beggar randy:  
 His minny Meg upo' her back  
 Bare baith him and his billy;  
 Will ye compare a nasty pack  
 To me your winsome Willy?

My gutcher left a good braid-sword,  
 Though it be auld and rusty,  
 Yet ye may take it on my words  
 It is baith stout and trusty;

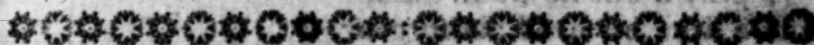
And



And if I can but get it drawn,  
Which will be right uneasy,  
I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,  
That he shall get a heezy.

Then Nancy turn'd her roundabout,  
And said, Did Sandy hear ye,  
Ye wadna miss to get a clout;  
I ken he disna fear ye:

Sae had your tongue and say nae mair,  
Set somewhere else your fancy;  
For as lang's Sandy's to the fore,  
Ye never shall get Nanfy.



✓ SLIGHTED NANCY.

Tune, *The kirk wad let me beath*

'TIS I have seven braw new gown,  
And ither seven better to mak,  
And yet for a my new gowns,  
My woe has turn'd his back.  
Besides, I have seven milk-ky,  
And Sandy he has but three;  
And yet for a my good ky,  
The ladie winna ha'e me.

My dady's a delver of dikes,  
My mither can card and spin,  
And I am a fine fodgeel las,  
And the filler comes linkin in,  
The filler comes linkin in,  
And it is fou fair to see,  
And fifty times wow! O wow!  
What ails the lads at me?

When



When ever our Baty does bark,  
Then fast to the door I rin,  
To see gin ony young spark  
Will light and venture but in:  
But never a ane will come in,  
Tho' mony a ane gaes by,  
Syn far ben the house I rin;  
And a weary wight am I.

When I was at my first pray'rs,  
I pray'd but anes i' the year,  
I wish'd for a handsome young lad,  
And a lad with muckle gear.  
When I was at my neist pray'rs,  
I pray'd but now and than,  
I fash'd na my head about gear,  
If I got a handsome young man.

Now when I'm at my last pray'r,  
/ I pray on baith night and day,  
And O! if a beggar wad come,  
With that same beggar I'd gae.  
And O! and what'll come o' me!  
And O! and what'll I do?  
That sic a braw lassie as I  
Shou'd die for a wooer I trow.



LUCKY NANCY.

**Tune, *Dainty Davie.***

WHILE fops in soft Italian verse,  
 Ilk fair ane's een and breast rehearse,  
 While sangs abound and sense is scarce,  
 These lines I have indited,  
 But neither darts nor arrows here,  
 Venus nor Cupid shall appear,  
 And yet with these fine sounds, I swear  
 The maidens are delited.

*I was*



OF CHOICE SONGS.

*I was ay telling you,  
Lucky Nansy, lucky Nansy,  
Auld springs wad ding the new,  
But ye wad never trow me.*

Nor snaw with crimson will I mix,  
To spread upon my lassie's cheeks;  
And syne th' unmeaning name prefix,  
Miranda, Chloe, or Phillis.  
I'll fetch nae simile frae Jove,  
My height of ecstacy to prove,  
Nor sighing—thus—present my love  
With roses eke and lilies.

*I was ay telling you, &c.*

But stay,—I had amaist forgot  
My mistress and my sang to boot,  
And that's an unco' faut I wat;  
But Nansay, 'tis nae matter.  
Ye see I clink my verse wi' rhyme,  
And ken ye, that atones the crime;  
Forby, how sweet my numbers chyme,  
And slide away like water.

*I was ay telling you, &c.*

Now ken, my rev'rend sonsy fair,  
Thy runkled cheeks and lyart hair,  
Thy half shut een and hodling air,  
Are a' my passion's fewel.  
Nae skyring gowk, my dear, can see,  
Or love, or grace, or heaven in thee;  
Yet thou hast charms anew for me,  
Then smile, and be na cruel.

*Leez me on thy snawy pow,  
Lucky Nansy, lucky Nansy,  
Dryest wood will eitheft low,  
And, Nansy, sae will ye now.*



Troth I have sung the sang to you,  
Which ne'er anither bard wad do;  
Hear then my charitable vow,

Dear venerable Nanfy.

But if the world my passion wrang,  
And say ye only live in sang,  
Ken I despise a flandering tongue,  
And sing to please my fancy.

Leez me on thy, &c.



## A SCOT S Cantata.

The tune after an Italian manner.

✓ Composed by Signor Lorenzo Bocchi.

### R E C I T A T I V E.

**B**LAME Jonny faintly said fair Jean his mind;  
Jeany took pleasure to deny him sang;  
He thought her scorn came frae her heart unkind,  
Which gart him in despair tune up this sang.

### A I R.

O bonny lassie, since 'tis sae,  
That I'm despis'd by thee,  
I hate to live, but O I'm wae,  
And unco sweer to die;  
Dear Jeany, think what dowy hours  
I thole by your disdain;  
Ah! should a breast sae soft as yours,  
Contain a heart of stane?

### R E C I T A T I V E.

These tender notes did a' her pity move,  
With melting heart she list'ned to the boy;  
O'ercome she smil'd, and promis'd him her love;  
He in return thus sang his rising joy.

Don't

A I R.



Hence frae my breast, contentious-care,  
 Ye've tint the pow'r to pine;  
 My Jeany's good, my Jeany's fair,  
 And a' her sweets are mine.  
 O spread thine arms, and gi'e me fowth  
 Of dear enchanting blifs,  
 A thousand joys around thy mouth  
 Gi'e heav'n with ilka kiss.

---

### The TOAST.

Tune, *Saw ye my Peggy.*

COME let's ha'e mair wine in,  
 Bacchus hates repining,  
 Venus loves nae dwining,  
 Let's be blyth and free.  
 Away with dull—Here t'ye, Sir;  
 Ye'er mistress, Robie, gi'es her,  
 We'll drink her health wi' pleasure,  
 Wha's belov'd by thee.

Then let Peggy warm ye,  
 That's a lass can charm ye,  
 And to joys alarm ye,  
 Sweet is she to me.  
 Some angel ye wad ca' her,  
 And never wish anc brawer,  
 If ye bare-headed saw her  
 Kiltet to the knee.

Peggy a dainty lass is,  
 Come let's join our glasses,  
 And refresh our hauses  
 With a health to thee.  
 Let coofs their cash be clinking,  
 Be statesmen tnat in thinking,  
 While we with love and drinking,  
 Give our cares the lie.



## MAGGIE'S TOCHER.

*To its ain tune.*

THE meal was dear short syne,  
 We buckl'd us a' the gither;  
 And Maggie was in her prime,  
 When Willie made courtship till her:  
 Twa pistols charg'd beguets,  
 To gi'e the courting shot;  
 And syne came ben the las  
 Wi' swats drawn frae the but.  
 He first speer'd at the guidman,  
 And syne at Giles the mither,  
 An ye wad gi's a bit land,  
 We'd buckle us e'en the gither.

My doghter ye shall ha'e,  
 I'll gi'e you her by the hand;  
 But I'll part wi' my wife by my fae,  
 Or I part wi' my land.  
 Your tocher it shall be good,  
 There's nane fall ha'e its malk,  
 The las bound in her snood,  
 And Crummie wha kens her stake:  
 With an auld-bedden o' claiths,  
 Was left me by my mither,  
 They're jet black o'er wi' flaes,  
 Ye may cuddle in them the gither.

Ye speak right well, guidman,  
 But ye maun mend your hand,  
 And think o' modesty,  
 Gin ye'll not quat your land:  
 We are but young, ye ken,  
 And now we're gawn the gither,  
 A house is butt and benn,  
 And Crummie will want her fother.

The



The bairns are coming on,  
And they'll cry, O their mither !  
We have nouthar pat nor pan,  
But four bare legs the gither.

Your tocher's be good enough,  
For that ye need na fear,  
Twa good stils to the pleugh,  
And ye yourself maun steer :  
Ye shall hae twa good pocks  
That anes were o' the tweel,  
The t'ane to had the groats,  
The ither to had the meal :  
With an auld kist made of wand,  
And that sall be your coffer,  
Wi' aiken woody bands,  
And that may had your tocher.

Consider well, guidman,  
We ha'e but borrow'd gear,  
The horse that I ride on  
Is Sandy wilson's mare :  
The saddle's nane o' my ain,  
And thae's but borrow'd boots ;  
And whan that I gae hame,  
I maun tak to my coots :  
The cloak is Geordy Watt's,  
That gars me look sae crouse ;  
Come fill us a cogue of swats,  
We'll mak na mair toom ruse.

I like you well, young lad,  
For telling me sae plain,  
I married whan little I had  
O' gear that was my ain.  
But sin that things are sae,  
The bride she maun come furth,  
Tho' a' the gear she'll hae,  
It'll be but little worth.

D 2

A bargain



A bargain it maun be,  
 Fy, cry on Giles the mither:  
 Content am I, quo' she,  
 E'en gar the hiffie come hither.  
 The bride she gade till her bed,  
 The bridegroom he came till her;  
 The fidler crap in at the fit,  
 And they cuddl'd it a' the gither, Z.

\*\*\*\*\*

✓ S O N G.

Tune, *Blink over the burn, sweet BETTY.*  
**L**eave kindred and friends, sweet Betty,  
 Leave kindred and friends, for me;  
 Assur'd thy servant is steady  
 To love to honour, and thee.  
 The gifts of nature and fortune  
 May fly by chance as they came;  
 They're grounds the destinies sport on,  
 But virtue is ever the same.

Altho' my fancy were roving,  
 Thy charms so heavenly appear,  
 That other beauties disproving,  
 I'd worship thine only my dear.  
 And shou'd life's sorrows embitter  
 The pleasure we promis'd our loves,  
 To share them together is fitter,  
 Than moan asunder like doves.

Oh! were I but once so blessed,  
 To grasp my love in my arms!  
 By thee to be grasp'd! and kissed!  
 And leave on thy heaven of charms;  
 I'd laugh at fortune's caprices,  
 Sho'd fortune capricious prove;  
 Tho' death shou'd tear me to pieces,  
 I'd die a martyr to love.

M.  
 SONG.



## SONG.

Tune, *The bonny grey-ey'd morning.*

Celestial muses, tune your lyres,  
 Grace all my raptures with your lays,  
 Charming, enchanting Kate inspires,  
 In lofty sounds her beauties praise:  
 How undesigning she displays  
 Such scenes as ravish with delight;  
 Tho' brighter than meridian rays,  
 They dazzle not, but please the sight.

Blind god, give this, this only dart,  
 I neither will, nor can her harm;  
 I would but gently touch her heart,  
 And try for once if that cou'd charm.  
 Go, Venus, use your fav'rite wile,  
 As she is beauteous, make her kind,  
 Let all your graces round her smile,  
 And sooth her till I comfort find.

When thus, by yielding, I'm o'erpaïd,  
 And all my anxious cares remov'd,  
 In moving notes I'll tell the maid,  
 With what pure lasting flames I lov'd.  
 Then shall alternate life and death  
 My ravish'd flutt'ring soul possess,  
 The softest tend'rest things I'll breathe  
 Betwixt each am'rous fond caress.

O.



## SONG.

Tune, *The broom of Cowdenknows.*

Subjected to the power of love  
 By Nell's resistless charms,  
 The fancy fix'd, no more can rove,  
 Or fly soft love's alarms.

Gay



Gay Damon had the skill to shun  
 All traps by Cupid laid,  
 Until his freedom was undone  
 By Nell the conquering maid,

But who can stand the force of love,  
 When she resolves to kill?  
 Her sparkling eyes love's arrows prove,  
 And wounds us with our will.

O happy Damon, happy fair,  
 What Cupid has begun,  
 My faithful Hymen take a care  
 To see it fairly done.

G.

\*\*\*\*\*

## S O N G.

Tune, *Logan water.*

*Vitas hinnuleo me similis, Chloe.*

**T**ELL me, Hamilla, tell me why  
 Thou dost from him that loves thee run?  
 Why from his soft embraces fly,  
 And all his kind endearments shun?

So flies the fawn, with fear oppress'd,  
 Seeking its mother ev'ry where,  
 It starts at ev'ry empty blast,  
 And trembles when no danger's near.

And yet I keep thee but in view,  
 To gaze the glories of thy face,  
 Not with a hateful step pursue,  
 As age to rifle every grace.

Cease then, dear wildness, cease to toy,  
 But haste all rivals to outshine,  
 And grown mature, and ripe for joy,  
 Leave mamma's arms, and come to mine.

W.  
A



A SOUTH-SEA SANG.

Tune, *For our lang biding here.*

WHEN we came to London town,  
We dream'd of gowd in gowpens here  
And rantinly ran up and down,  
In risin' stocks to buy a skair:  
We daftly thought to row in rowth,  
But for our daffin paid right dear;  
The lave wad fare the war in trowth,  
For our lang biding here.

But when we find onr purses toom,  
And dainty stocks began to fa',  
We hang our lugs and we a gloom  
Girn'd at stock jobbing ane and a'.  
If ye gang near the South-Sea house,  
The whilly wha's will grip your gear.  
Syn'e a' the lave will fare the war,  
For our lang biding here.

HAP ME WITH THY PETTICOAT.

O BELL, thy looks have kill'd my heart,  
I pass the day in pain;  
When night returns, I feel the smart,  
And wish for thee in vain.  
I'm starvin' cold while thou art warm:  
Have pity and incline,  
And grant me for a hap that charm-  
ing petticoat of thine.

My ravish'd fancy in amaze  
Still wanders o'er thy charms,  
Delusive dreams ten thousand ways  
Present thee to my arms.

But



But waking think what I endure,  
While cruel you decline  
Those pleasures which can only cure  
This panting breast of mine.

I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,  
Because you still deny  
The just reward that's due to love,  
And let true passion die.  
Oh! turn, and let compassion seize  
That lovely breast of thine;  
Thy petticoat could give me ease,  
If thou and it were mine.

Sure heaven has fitted for delight  
That beauteous form of thine,  
And thou'rt too good its law to flight,  
By hind'ring the design.  
May all the pow'rs of love agree,  
At length to make thee mine,  
Or loose my chains, and set me free  
From ev'ry charm of thine.



### LOVE INVITING REASON.

A SONG, Tune of, — *Cha mi ma chattle, na du-  
skar mi.*

WHEN innocent pastime our pleasure did crown,  
Upon a green meadow or under a tree,  
Ere Annie became a fine ladie in town,  
How lovely, and loving, and bonny was she!  
Rouse up thy reason, my beautifv' Annie,  
Let ne'er a new whim ding thy fancy a-jee;—  
O! as thou art bonny, be faithfu' and canny,  
And favour thy Jamie, wha dotes upon thee.

Does



Does the death of a lintwhite give Annie the spleen?  
Can tining of trifles be uneasy to thee?  
Can lap-dogs and monkeys draw tears from these een,  
That look with indiff'rence on poor dying me?  
Rouse up thy reason, my beautifu' Annie,  
And dinna prefer a paroquet to me;  
O! as thou art bonny, be prudent and canny,  
And think on thy Jamie wha dotes upon thee.

Ah! shou'd a new manto or Flanders lace-head,  
Or yet a wee cottie, tho' never fae fine,  
Gar thee grow forgetfu', and let his heart bleed,  
That anes had some hope of purchasing thine?  
Rouse up thy reason, my beautifu' Annie,  
And dinna prefer ye'r fleegeries to me;  
O! as thou art bonny, be solid and canny,  
And tent a true lover that dotes upon thee.

Shall a Paris edition of new-fangle Sany,  
Tho' gilt o'er wi' laces and fringes he be,  
By adoring himself, be admir'd by fair Annie,  
And aim at these benisons promis'd to me?  
Rouse up thy reason, my beautifu' Annie,  
And never prefer a light dancer to me;  
O! as thou art bonny, be constant and canny,  
Love only thy Jamie wha dotes upon thee.

O! think, my dear charmer, on ilka sweet hour,  
That flade away fastly between thee and me,  
Ere squirrels, or beaus, or fopp'ry had power  
To rival my love, and impose upon thee.  
Rouse up thy reason, my beautifu' Annie,  
And let thy desires be a' center'd in me;  
O! as thou art bonny, be faithfu' and canny,  
And love him wha's langing to center in thee.



## ✓ The Bob of DUMBLANE.

L Assie, lend me your braw hemp heckle,  
 And I'll lend you my thripling kame;  
 For fainness, deary, I'll gar ye keckle,  
 If ye'll go dance the *Bob of Dumblane*.  
 Hastie ye, gang to the ground of your trunkies,  
 Busk ye braw, and dinna think shame;  
 Consider in time, if leading of monkies  
 Be better than dancing the *Bob of Dumblane*.

Be frank, my lassie, lest I grow fickle,  
 And take my word and offer again.  
 Syne ye may chance to repent it mickle,  
 Ye did na accept the *Bob of Dumblane*.  
 The dinner, the piper, and priest shall be ready,  
 And I'm grown dowy with-lying my lane;  
 Away then, leave baith minny and dady,  
 And try with me the *Bob of Dumblane*.



## ✓ S O N G complaining of absence.

Tune, *My apron, deary*.

A H Chloe! thou treasure, thou joy of my breast,  
 Since I parted from thee, I'm a stranger to rest;  
 I fly to the grove, there to languish and mourn,  
 There sigh for my charmer, and long to return;  
 The fields all around me are smiling and gay,  
 But they smile all in vain—my Chloe's away;  
 The field and the grove can afford me no ease,—  
 But bring me my Chloe, a desert will please.

No virgin I see that my bosom alarms,  
 For cold to the fairest, tho' glowing with charms,  
 In vain they attack me, and sparkle the eye;  
 These are not the looks of my Chloe, I cry.

These



These looks, where bright love, like the sun sits en-  
thron'd,  
And smiling diffuses his influence round;  
'I was thus I first view'd thee, my charmer amaz'd,  
Thus gaz'd thee with wonder, and lov'd while I  
gaz'd.

'Then, then the dear fair one was still in my sight,  
It was pleasure all day, it was apture all night;  
But now by hard fortune remov'd from my fair,  
In secret I languish, a prey to despair;  
But absence and torment abate not my flame,  
My Chloe's still charming, my passion the same;  
O! would she preserve me a place in her breast,  
Then absence would please me, for I would be  
bliss'd.

R.

## S O N G.

*Tune, I fix'd my fancy on her.*

**R**ight Cynthia's power divinely great,  
What heart is not obeying?  
A thousand Cupids on her wait,  
And in her eyes are playing.  
She seems the queen of love to reign;  
For she alone dispenses  
Such sweets as best can entertain  
The gust of all the senses.

Her face a charming prospect brings,  
Her breath gives balmy blisses;  
I hear an angel when she sings,  
And taste of heaven in kisses.  
Four senses thus she feasts with joy,  
From nature's richest treasure:  
Let me the other sense employ,  
And I shall die with pleasure.

E 2

X.  
SONG



## SONG.

*Tune, I lov'd a bony lady.*

✓  
TELL me, tell me, charming creature,  
Will you never ease my pain?  
Must I die for ev'ry feature?  
Must I always love in vain?  
The desire of admiration  
Is the pleasure you pursue;  
Pray thee try a lasting passion,  
Such a love as mine for you.

Tears and sighing could not move you;  
For a lover ought to dare:  
When I plainly told I lov'd you,  
Then you said I went too far.  
Are such giddy ways becoming?  
Will my dear be sickle still?  
Conquest is the joy of women,  
Let their slaves be what they will.

Your neglect with torment fills me,  
And my desp'rate thoughts increase;  
Pray consider, if you kill me,  
You will have a lover less.  
If your wand'ring heart is beating,  
For new lovers let it be:  
But when you have done coquetting,  
Name a day, and fix on me.



## THE REPLY.

✓  
IN vain, fond youth; thy tears give o'er;  
What more, alas! can Flavia do?  
Thy truth I own, thy fate deplore:  
All are not happy that are true.

Suppress



Suppress those sighs, and weep no more;  
Should heaven and earth with thee combine,  
'Twere all in vain, since any power,  
To crown thy love, must alter mine.

But if revenge can ease thy pain,  
I'll sooth the ills I cannot cure;  
Tell that I drag a hopeless chain,  
And all that I inflict endure.

## The Rose in Yarrow.

Tune, *Mary Scot.*

'T Was summer, and the day was fair,  
Resolv'd a while to fly from care,  
Beguiling thought, forgetting sorrow,  
I wander'd o'er the braes of Yarrow;  
Till then despising beauty's power,  
I kept my heart, my own secure;  
But Cupid's art did there deceive me,  
And Mary's charms do now enslave me.

Will cruel love no bribe receive?  
No ransom take for Mary's slave?  
Her frowns of rest and hope deprive me;  
Her lovely smiles like light revive me.  
No bondage may with mine compare,  
Since first I saw this charming fair:  
This beauteous flower, this rose of Yarrow,  
In nature's gardens has no marrow.

Had I of heaven but one request,  
I'd ask to ly in Mary's breast ;  
There would I live or die with pleasure,  
Nor spare this world one moment's leisure ;  
Despising kings, and all thar's great,  
I'd smile at courts and courtiers fate ;



My joy complete on such a marrow,  
I'd dwell with her, and live on Yarrow.

But tho' such bliss I ne'er should gain,  
Contented still I'll wear my chain  
In hopes my faithful heart may move her;  
For leaving life I'll always love her.  
What doubts distract a lover's mind?  
That breast, all softness must prove kind;  
And she shall yet become my marrow,  
The lovely beauteous rose of Yarrow.

C.



### The FAIR PENITENT.

#### A SONG.—*To its ain Tune.*

**A** lovely lass to a friar came  
To confess in a morn'g early,  
In what, my dear, art thou to blame?  
Go e own it all si'ere'v.  
I've done, Sir, wha I dare not name,  
With a lad that loves me dearly.

The greatest fault in myself I know,  
Is what I now discover.

Then you to Rome for that must go,  
The discipline to suffer.

Lake a day, Sir! if it must be so,  
Pray with me send my lover.

No, no, my dear, you do but dream,  
We'll have no double dealing;

But if with me you repeat the same,  
I'll pardon your past taling

I must own, Sir, tho' I blush for shame,  
That your penance is prevailing.

X.

The



✓ The last time I came o'er the Moor.

**T**HE last time I come o'er the moor,  
 I left my love behind Me.  
 Ye pow'rs ! what pain do I endure,  
 When soft ideas mind me ?  
 Soon as the ruddy morn display'd  
 The beaming day ensuing,  
 I met betimes my lovely maid,  
 In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,  
 Gazing and chaffly sporting ;  
 We kils'd and promis'd time away,  
 Till night spread her black curtain.  
 I pitied all beneath the skies,  
 Ev'n kings when she was nigh me !  
 In raptures beheld her eyes,  
 Which cou'd but ill deny me.

Shou'd I be call'd where cannons roar,  
 Where mortal steel may wound me ;  
 Or cast upon some foreign shore,  
 Where dangers may surround me :  
 Yet hopes again to see my love,  
 To feast on glowing kisses,  
 Shall make my cares at distance move  
 In prospect of such bisses.

In all my soul there's not one place  
 To let a rival enter :  
 Since she excels in ev'ry grace,  
 In her my love shall center.  
 Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,  
 Their waves the Alps shall cover,  
 On Greenland ice shall roses grow,  
 Before I cease to love her.

The



The next time I go o'er the moor,  
 She shall a lover find me;  
 And that my faith is firm and pure,  
 Tho' I left her behind me;  
 Then Hymen's sacred bands shall chain  
 My heart to her fair bosom,  
 There, while my being doth remain,  
 My love more fresh shall blossom.



✓ The Lass of PEATY'S Mill.

**T**HE lass of Peaty's mill,  
 So bonny, blyth, and gay,  
 In spite of all my skill,  
 Hath stole my heart away.  
 When tedding of the hay,  
 Bare-headed on the green,  
 Love 'midst her locks did play,  
 And wanton'd in hereen,

Her arms, white, round, and smooth,  
 Breasts rising in their dawn,  
 To age it would give youth,  
 To press 'em with his hand  
 Through all my spirits ran  
 An ecstasy of bliss,  
 When I such sweetness fand,  
 Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,  
 Like flow'rs which grace the wild,  
 She did her sweets impart,  
 Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.  
 Her looks they were so mild,  
 Free from affected pride,  
 She me to love beguil'd,  
 I wish'd her for my bride.



O had I all that wealth  
 Hopetoun's high mountains fill,  
 Insur'd long life and health,  
 And pleasure's at my will;  
 I'd promise and fulfil,  
 That none but bonny she,  
 The lass of Peaty's mill,  
 Shou'd share the same wi' me.



GREEN SLEEVES.

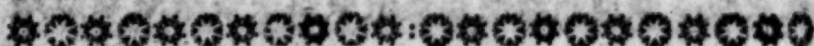
YE watchful guardians of the fair,  
 Who skiff on wings of amient air,  
 Of my dear Delia take a care,  
 And represent her lover  
 With all the gaiety of youth,  
 With honuor justice love and truth;  
 Till I return her passions sooth,  
 For me in whispers move her.

Be careful no base sordid slave,  
 With soul sunk in a golden grave,  
 Who knows no virtue but to save,  
 With glaring gold bewitch her.  
 Tell her, for me she was design'd,  
 For me, who know how to be kind,  
 And have mair plenty in my mind,  
 Than one who's ten times richer.

Let all the world turn upside down,  
 And fools run an eternal round,  
 In quest of what can ne'er be found,  
 To please their vain ambition:  
 Let little minds great charms espy,  
 In shadows which at distance ly,  
 Whose hop'd for pleasure, when come nigh,  
 Prove nothing in fruition.



But cast into a mold divine,  
 Fair Delia does with lustre shine,  
 Her virtuous soul's an ample mine,  
     Which yields a constant treasure.  
 Let poets in sublimest lays,  
 Employ their skill her fame to raise;  
 Let sons of music pass whole days,  
     With well tun'd reeds to please her.



### The YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

**I**N April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,  
 And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain;  
 The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go  
 To wild and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees  
     grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,  
 With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn:  
 He sang with so soft and enchanting a sound,  
 That sylvens and faries unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung, Tho' young Maya be fair,  
 Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud air;  
 But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing,  
 Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

That Madie in all the gay bloom of her youth,  
 Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke  
     truth:  
 But Susie was faithful, good-humour'd and free,  
 And fair as the goddess who sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great  
 Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour: (dow'r,  
 Then, sighing, he wished, would parents agree,  
 The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

NANNY—O,



## NANNY --- O.

**W**HILE some for pleasure pawn their health,

'Twixt Lais and the Bagnio,  
I'll save myself, and without stealth,

Kiss and caress my Nanny—O.

She bids more fair to engage a Jove,

Than Leda did or Danaë—O.

Were I to paint the queen of love,

None else should sit but Nanny—O.

How joyfully my spirits rise,

When dancing she moves finely—O.

I guess what heaven is by her eyes,

Which sparkle so divinely—O.

Attend my vow, ye gods, while I

Breathe in the blest'd Britannia,

None's happiness I shall envy,

As long's ye grant me Nanny—O.

## CHORUS.

*My bonny, bonny Nanny—O,*

*My lovely, charming Nanny—O*

*I care not tho' the world know*

*How dearly I love Nanny---O.*

## BONNY JEAN.

**L**OVE's goddess in a myrtle grove,

Said, Cupid, bend thy bow with speed,

Nor let the shaft at random rove,

For Jeany's haughty heart must bleed.

The smiling boy, with divine art,

From Paphos shot an arrow keen,

Which flew unerring to the heart,

And kill'd the pride of bonny Jean.



No more the nymph, with haughty air,  
 Refuses Willie's kind address;  
 Her yielding blushes shew no care,  
 But too much fondness to suppress.  
 No more the youth is fullen now,  
 But looks the gayest on the green,  
 While ev'ry day he spies some new  
 Surprising charms in bonny Jean.

A thousand transports croud his breast,  
 He moves as light as fleeting wind,  
 His former sorrows seem a jest,  
 Now when his Jenny is turn'd kind:  
 Riches he looks on with disdain,  
 The glorious fields of war look mean;  
 The chearful hound and horn give pain,  
 If absent from his bonny Jean.

The day he spends in am'rous gaze,  
 Which ev'n in summer shorten'd seems;  
 When sunk in downs, with glad amaze,  
 He wonders at her in his dreams.  
 All charms disclos'd, she looks more bright  
 Than Troy's prize, the Spartan queen,  
 With breaking day, he lifts his sight,  
 And pants to be with bonny Jean.



✓  
 Throw the Wood, Laddie.

O Sandy, why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn?  
 Thy presence could ease me,  
 When naething can please me:  
 Now dowie I sigh on the bank of the burn,  
 Or throw the wood, laddie, until thou return.

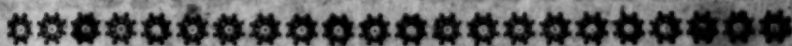
Tho'



Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,  
 While lav'rocks are singing,  
 And primroses springing;  
 Yet nane of them pleases my eye or my ear,  
 When throw the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear,

That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell;  
 I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,  
 Baith ev'ning and morning;  
 Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,  
 When throw the wood, laddie, I wander mysell.

Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away,  
 But quick as an arrow,  
 Haste here to the marrow,  
 Wha's living in languor till that happy day,  
 When throw the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing,  
 and play.



✓ Down the burn, Davie.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,  
 And broom bloom'd fair to see;  
 When Mary was complete fifteen,  
 And love laugh'd in her eye;  
 Blyth Davie's blinks her heart did move  
 To speak her mind thus free,  
*Gang down the burn, Davie, love,  
 And I shall follow thee.*

Now Davie did each lad surpass,  
 That dwelt on this burn-side,  
 And Mary was the bonniest lass,  
 Just meet to be a bride;  
 Her cheeks were rosy, red, and white,  
 Hereen were bonny blue;  
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,  
 Her lips like dropping dew.



As down the burn they took their way,  
 What tender tales they said!  
 His cheek to hers he aft did lay,  
 And with her bosom play'd;  
 Till baith at length impatient grown,  
 To be mair fully blest,  
 In yonder vale they lean'd them down;  
 Love only saw the rest.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,  
 And naething sure unmeet;  
 For, ganging hame, I heard them say,  
 They lik'd a wawk so sweet;  
 And that they aften shou'd return  
 Sic pleasure to renew.  
 Quoth Mary, I love, I like the burn,  
 And ay shall follow you.

## SONG.

Tune, *Gilder Roy.*

AH! Chloris, cou'd I now but sit  
 As unconcern'd, as when  
 Your infant beauty cou'd beget  
 No happiness nor pain.  
 When I this dawning did admire,  
 And prais'd the coming day,  
 I little thought that rising fire  
 Wou'd take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,  
 As metals in a mine;  
 Age from no face takes more away,  
 Than youth conceal'd in thine;  
 But as your charms insensibly  
 To their perfection prest;  
 So love as unperceiv'd did fly,  
 And center'd in my breast.

*Said to have been written by the last Mr. Forbes on Mary Rose when he afterwards married (J. Belarock)*



My passion with your beauty grew,  
While Cupid at my heart,  
Still as his mother favour'd you,  
Threw a new flaming dart;  
Each gloried in their wanton part;  
To make a lover, he  
Employ'd the utmost of his art;—  
To make a beauty, she.

X

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S O N G.

Tune, *The yellow hair'd laddie.*

YE shepherds and nymphs that adorn the gay plain,  
Approach from your sports, and attend to my  
Amongst all your number a lover so true, (strain;  
Was ne'er so undone, with such bliss in his view.

Was ever a nymph so hard-hearted as mine?  
She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine;  
She does not disdain me, nor frown in her wrath,  
But calmly and mildly resigns me to death.

She calls me her friend, but her lover denies;  
She smiles when I'm chearful, but hears not my sighs.  
A bosom so flinty, so gentle an air,  
Inspires me with hope, and yet bids me despair!

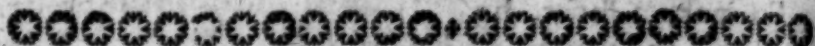
I fall at her feet, and implore her with tears:  
Her answer confounds, while her manner endears;  
When softly she tells me to hope no relief,  
My trembling lips bless her in spite of my grief.

By night, while I slumber, still haunted with care,  
I start up in anguish, and sigh for the fair:  
The fair sleeps in peace, may she ever do so!  
And only when dreaming imagine my wo.

Then



Then gaze at a distance, nor farther aspire;  
Nor think she shou'd love, whom she cannot admire;  
Hush all thy complaining, and dying her slave,  
Commend her to heaven, and thyself to the grave.



## S O N G.

Tune, *When she came ben she bobbed.*

COME, fill me a bumper, my jolly brave boys,  
Let's have no more female impert'nence and noise;  
For I've try'd the endearments and pleasures of love,  
And I find they're but nonsense and whimsies, by Jove.

When first of all Betty and I were acquaint,  
I whin'd like a fool, and she sigh'd like a saint:  
But I found her *religion*, her *face*, and her *love*,  
Were *hypocrisy*, *paint*, and *self-interest*, by Jove.

Sweet Cecil came next with her languishing air,  
Her *outside* was orderly, modest, and fair;  
But her *soul* was *sophisticate*, so was her *love*,  
For I found she was only a *strumpet*, by Jove.

Little double-gilt Jenny's gold charm'd me at last:  
(You know *marriage* and *money* together does best.)  
But the *baggage*, forgetting her *vows* and her *love*,  
Gave her gold to a *sniv'ling* dull *coxcomb*, by Jove.

Come fill me a bumper then, jolly brave boys;  
Here's a farewell to female impert'nence and noise:  
I know few of the sex that are worthy my love;  
And for *strumpets* and *jills*, I abhor them, by Jove.

DUMBAR.



## DUMBARTON'S DRUMS.

**D**umbarton's drums beat bonny—O,  
 When they mind me of my dear Jonny—O,  
 How happy am I,  
 When my soldier is by,  
 While he kisses and blesses his Annie—O!  
 'Tis a soldier alone can delight me—O,  
 For his graceful looks do invite me—O:  
 While guarded in his arms,  
 I'll fear no war's alarms,  
 Neither danger nor death shall e'er fright me—O.  
 My love is a handsome laddie—O,  
 Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudy—O:  
 Tho' commissions are dear,  
 Yet I'll buy him one this year;  
 For he shall serve no longer a cadie—O,  
 A soldier has honour and bravery—O,  
 Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery—O;  
 He minds no other thing  
 But the ladies or the king;  
 For ev'ry other care is but slavery—O.  
 Then I'll be the captain's lady—O;  
 Farewell all my friends and my daddy—O;  
 I'll wait no more at home,  
 But I'll follow with the drum,  
 And whene'er that beats, I'll be ready—O.  
 Dumbarton's drums sound bonny—O,  
 They are sprightly like my dear Jonny—O:  
 How happy shall I be,  
 When on my soldier's knee,  
 And he kisses and blesses his Annie—O!

## Auld lang syne.

**S**hould auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 Tho' they return with scars?



These are the noble hero's lot,  
 Obtain'd in glorious wars;  
 Welcome, my VAKO, to my breast,  
 Thy arms about me twine,  
 And make me once again as blest,  
 As I was lang syne.

Methinks around us on each bough,  
 A thousand Cupids play,  
 Whilst thro' the groves I walk with you,  
 Each object makes me gay:  
 Since your return the sun and moon  
 With brighter beams do shine,  
 Streams murmur soft notes while they run,  
 As they did lang syne.

Despise the court and din of state;  
 Let that to their share fall,  
 Who can esteem such flav'ry great,  
 While bounded like a ball:  
 But sunk in love, upon my arms  
 Let your brave head recline,  
 We'll please ourselves with mutual charms,  
 As we did lang syne.

O'er moor and dale, with your gay friend,  
 You may pursue the chase,  
 And, after a blyth bottle, end  
 All cares in my embrace:  
 And in a vacant rainy day  
 You shall be wholly mine;  
 We'll make the hours run smooth away,  
 And laugh at lang syne.

The hero, pleas'd with the sweet air,  
 And signs of gen'rous love,  
 Which had been utter'd by the fair,  
 Bow'd to the powers above:  
 Next day, with consent and glad haste,  
 Th' approach'd the sacred shrine;  
 Where the good priest the couple blest,  
 And put them out of pine.



The Lass of LIVINGSTON.

Pain'd with her flighting Jamie's love,  
 Bell dropt a tear—Bell dropt a tear;  
 The gods descended from above,  
 Well pleas'd to hear—well pleas'd to hear,  
 They heard the praises of the youth  
 From her own tongue—from her own tongue,  
 Who now converted was to truth,  
 And thus she sung—and thus she sung.

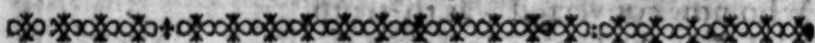
Bless'd days when our ingenuous sex,  
 More frank and kind—more frank and kind,  
 Did not their lov'd adorers vex;  
 But spoke their mind—but spoke their mind.  
 Repenting now, the promis'd fair  
 Wou'd he return—wou'd he return,  
 She ne'er again wou'd give him care,  
 Or cause him mourn—or cause him mourn.

Why lov'd I thee, deserving swain,  
 Yet still thought shame—yet still thought shame,  
 When he my yielding heart did gain,  
 To own my flame—to own my flame?  
 Why took I pleasure to torment,  
 And seem too coy—and seem too coy?  
 Which makes me now, alas! lament  
 My slighted joy—my slighted joy.

Ye fair, while beauty's in its spring,  
 Own your desire—own your desire,  
 While love's young power with his soft wing  
 Fans up the fire—fans up the fire,  
 O do not with a silly pride,  
 Or low design—or low design,  
 Refuse to be a happy bride,  
 But answer plain—but answer plain.



Thus the fair mourner wail'd her crime,  
With flowing eyes—with flowing eyes.  
Glad Jamie heard her all the time,  
With sweet surprise—with sweet surprise.  
Some god had led him to the grove;  
His mind unchang'd—his mind unchang'd,  
Flew to her arms, and cry'd, My love,  
I am reveng'd—I am reveng'd!



✓

PEGGY, I must love thee.

AS from a rock past all relief,  
The shipwreck'd Colin spying  
His native soil, o'ercome with grief,  
Half sunk in waves, and dying:  
With the next morning-sun he spies  
A ship, which gives unhop'd surprise,  
New life springs up, he lifts his eyes  
With joy, and waits her motion,

So when by her whom long I lov'd,  
I scorn'd was, and deserted,  
Low with despair my spirits mov'd,  
To be for ever parted :  
Thus droop'd I, till diviner grace  
I found in Peggy's mind and face ;  
Ingratitude appear'd then base,  
But virtue more engaging.

Then now since happily I've hit,  
I'll have no more delaying ?  
Let beauty yield to manly wit,  
We lose ourselves in staying :  
I'll haste dull courtship to a close,  
Since marriage can my fears oppose :  
Why should we happy minutes lose,  
Since, Peggy, I must love thee.



Men may be foolish if they please,  
And deem't a lover's duty,  
To sigh, and sacrifice their ease,  
Doting on a proud beauty:  
Such was my case for many a year,  
Still hope succeeding to my fear;  
False Betty's charms now disappear,  
Since Peggy's far outshine them.

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Betty Bell and Mary Gray.

O Betty Bell and Mary Gray,  
They are twa bonny lassies,  
They bigg'd a bow'r on yon burn-brae,  
And theek'd it o'er wi' rushes,  
Fair Betty Bell I loo'd yestreen,  
And thought I ne'er could alter;  
But Mary Gray's twa pawky een,  
They gar my fancy falter,

Now Betty's hair's like a lint-tap;  
She smiles like a May morning,  
When Phoebus starts frae Thetis' lap,  
The hill's with rays adorning:  
White is her neck fast is her hand,  
Her waist and feet's fu' genty;  
With ilka grace she can command;  
Her lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like a crow,  
Her een like diamonds glances;  
She's ay sae clean' redd up, and braw,  
She kills whene'er she dances:  
Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,  
She blooming tight and tall is;  
And guides her airs sae gracefu' still,  
O Jove, she's like thy Pallas.

*Betty Bell d. of the lands of Dunrobin  
Mary Gray d. of the lands of Lynedoch  
They died of the plague in 1646  
Dunrobin d. in 1646 a great wound  
1646 from a wound*

Dear

*Betty Bell was daughter of Bell  
of Dunrobin & Mary Gray of the lands  
of Lynedoch near Perth*



Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,

Ye unco fair oppress us;

Our fancies jee between you twa,

Ye are sic bonny lassies:

Wae's me! for baith I canna get,

To an by law we're stented;

Then I'll draw cuts, and take my fate,

And be with ane contented.



I'll never leave thee.

J O N N Y.

**T**HO' for seven years and mair, honour thou'd  
reave me, (thee;

To fields where cannons rair, thou need na grieve

For deep in my spirits thy sweets are indented;

And love shall preserve ay what love has imprinted.

Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,

Gang the world as it will, dearest, believe me.

N E L L Y.

O Jonny, I'm jealous whene'er ye discover

My sentiments yielding ye'll turn a loose rover;

And nought i' the world wad vex my heart fairer,

If you prove unconstant and fancy ane fairer.

Grieve me, grieve me, oh, it wad grieve me!

A' the lang night and day, if you deceive me.

J O N N Y.

My Nelly let never sic fancies oppress ye,

For while my blood's warm, I'll kindly caress ye:

Your blooming soft beauties first beeted love's fire,

Your virtue and wit make it ay flame the higher.

Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,

Gang the world as it will, dearest, believe me.

N E L L Y.

Then, Jonny, I frankly this minute allow ye

To think me your mistress, for love gars me trow ye:

And



And gin you prove fause, to ye'rsell be it said then,  
Ye'll win but sma' honour to wrong a kind maiden.  
Reave me, reave me, heav'ns! it wad reave me  
Of my rest night and day, if ye deceive me.

J O N N Y.

Bid icehoggles hammer red gauds on the study,  
And fair simmer-mornings nae mair appear ruddy,  
Bid Britons think ae gate, and when they obey ye,  
But never till that time, believe I'll betray ye.  
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee;  
The starns shall gang withershins ere i deceive thee.

\*\*\*\*\*

My Deary, if ye die.

L OVE never more shall give me pain;

My fancy's fix'd on thee;

Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,

My Peggy, if thou die.

Thy beauties did such pleasure give,

Thy love's so true to me:

Without thee I shall never live,

My deary, if thou die.

If fate shall tear thee from my breast,

How shall I lonely stray?

In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,

In sighs the silent day.

I ne'er can so much virtue find,

Nor such perfection see:

Then I'll renounce all womankind,

My Peggy, after thee.

Now new-blown beauty fires my heart

With Cupid's raving rage,

But thine which can such sweets impart,

Must all the world engage.

'Twas this that like the morning sun

Gave joy and life to me;

And



And when its destin'd day is done,  
With Peggy let me die.

Ye pow'rs that smile on virtuous love,  
And in such pleasure share;  
You who its faithful flames approve,  
With pity view the fair;  
Restore my Peggy's wonted charms,  
Those charms so dear to me;  
Oh! never rob them from those arms  
I'm lost if Peggy die.

My Jo JANET.

**S**WEEET Sir, for your courtesie,  
When ye come by the Bass then,  
For the love ye bear to me,  
Buy me a keeking-glass then.

Keek into the draw-well,

*Janet, Janet ;*

And there ye'll see ye'r bonny sell,  
My jo Janet.

Reeking in the draw-well clear,  
What if I shou'd fa' in?

Syne a' my kin will say and swear,  
I drown'd mysell for fin.

*Had the better be the brae.*

*Janet, Janet :*

*Had the better be the brace,*

*My jo Janet.*

Good Sir, for your courtesie,  
Coming thro' Aberteen then,  
For the love ye bear to me,  
Buy me a pair of sheen then.

Clout the auld, the new are dear,

*Janet, Janet :*

As pair my gam ye ha'f a year,  
My jo Janet.



But what if dancing on the green,  
 And skipping like a mawking,  
 If they should see my clouted shoon,  
 Of me they will be tauking.  
*Dance ay laigh, and late at e'en,*  
*Janet, Janet,*  
*Syne a' their fauts will no be seen,*  
*My jo Janet.*

Kind Sir, for your courtesie,  
 When ye gae to the crofs then,  
 For the love ye bear to me,  
 Buy me a pacing horse then.  
*Pace upo' your spinning-wheel,*  
*Janet, Janet,*  
*Face upo' your spinning-wheel,*  
*My jo Janet.*

My spinning-wheel is auld and stiff,  
 The rock o't winna stand, Sir,  
 To keep the temper-pin in tiff,  
 Employs aft my hand, Sir,  
*Make the best o't that ye can,*  
*Janet, Janet;*  
*But like it never wale a man,*  
*My jo Janet.*

✓ S O N G.

Tune, *John Anderson my jo.*

W<sup>H</sup>at means this niceness now of late,  
 Since time that truth does prove;  
 Such distance may consist with state,  
 But never will with love.  
 'Tis either cunning or disdain  
 That does such ways allow;  
 The first is base, the last is vain;  
 May neither happen you.



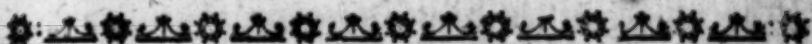




## DOUGHTER.

But auld Rob Morris I never will hae,  
His back is sae stiff, and his beard is grown gray:  
I had titter die than live wi' him a year;  
Sae mair of Rob Morris I never will hear.

Q.



## S O N G.

*Tune, Come kifs with me, come clap with me, &c.*

## P E G G Y.

**M**Y Jocky blyth, for what thou'st done,  
There is nae help nor mending;  
For thou hast jogg'd me out of tune,  
For a' thy fair pretending.  
My mither sees a change on me,  
For my complexion dashes,  
And this, alas! has been with thee  
Sae late among the rashes.

## J O C K Y.

My Peggy, what I've said I'll do,  
To free thee frae her scouling,  
Come then and let us buckle to,  
Nae langer let's be fooling;  
For her content I'll instant wed,  
Since thy complexion dashes;  
And then we'll try a feather-bed,  
'Tis safer than the rashes.

## P E G G Y.

Then, Jocky, since thy love's sae true,  
Let mither scoul I'm easy:  
Sae lang's I live I ne'er shall rue  
For what I've done to please thee.  
And there's my hand I's ne'er complain:  
Oh! weel's me on the rashes;  
Whene'er thou likes I'll do't again,  
And a fig for a' their clashes.

H 2

Z

SONG.



## SONG.

*Lucy, Rother's lament: or, Pinky-house,*

**A**S Sylvia in a forest lay,  
 To vent her wo alone;  
 Her swain Sylvander came that way,  
 And heard her dying moan:  
 Ah! is my love (she said) to you  
 So worthless and so vain?  
 Why is your wonted fondness now  
 Converted to disdain?

You vow'd the light shou'd darkness turn,  
 Ere you'd exchange your love;  
 In shades now may creation mourn,  
 Since you unfaithful prove.  
 Was it for this I credit gave  
 To ev'ry oath you swore?  
 But ah! it seems they most deceive,  
 Who most our charms adore.

'Tis plain your drift was all deceit,  
 The practice of mankind:  
 Alas! I see it but too late,  
 My love had made me blind.  
 For you, delighted I could die;  
 But oh! with grief I'm fill'd,  
 To think that credulous constant I  
 Shou'd by yourself be kill'd.

This said all breathless, sick, and pale,  
 Her head upon her hand,  
 She found her vital spirits fail,  
 And senses at a stand.  
 Sylvander then began to melt:  
 But ere the word was given,  
 The heavy hand of death she felt,  
 And sigh'd her soul to heaven.



The young LAIRD and EDINBURGH  
KATY.

NOW wat ye wha I met yestreen,  
Coming down the street, my jo?  
My mistress in her tartan screen,  
Fu' bonny, braw, and sweet, my jo?  
My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night,  
That never wish'd a lover ill,  
Since ye're out of your mother's sight,  
Let's tak a wauk up to the hill.

O Katy, wiltu' gang wi' me,  
And leave the dinsome town a while;  
The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,  
Aud a' the simmer's gaw'n to smile;  
The mavis, nightingale, and lark,  
The bleating lambs, and whistling hind,  
In ilka dale, green, shaw, and park,  
Will nourish health, and glad ye'r mind.

Soon as the clear goodman of day  
Bends his morning draught of dew,  
We'll gae to some burnside and play,  
And gather flow'rs to busk ye'r brow;  
We'll pou the daifies on the green  
The lucken gowans frae the bog:  
Between hands now and then we'll lean,  
And sport upo' the velvet fog.

There's up into a pleasant glen,  
A wee piece frae my father's tow'r,  
A canny, fast, and flow'ry den,  
Which circling birks have form'd a bow'r:  
Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,  
We'll to the cauler shade remove,  
There will I lock thee in my arm,  
And love and kiss, and kiss and love.

KATY



## KATE'S Answer.

**M**Y nither's ay glowran o'er me,  
 Tho' she did the same before me:  
 I canna get leave  
 To look to my loove,  
 Or else she'll be like to devour me.

Right fain wad I tak ye'r offer,  
 Sweet Sir, but I'll tine my tocher;  
 Then, Sandy, ye'll fret,  
 And wyte ye'er poor Kate,  
 Whene'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

For tho' my father has plenty  
 Of filler and plenishing dainty,  
 Yet he's unco sweer  
 'To twin wi' his gear;  
 And sae we had need to be tenty.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,  
 Be wylie in ilka motion;  
 Brag well o' ye'r land,  
 And there's my leal hand,  
 Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

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## MARY SCOT.

**H**APPY's the love which meets return,  
 When in soft flames souls equal burn;  
 But words are wanting to discover  
 The torments of a hopeless lover.  
 Ye registers of heaven, relate,  
 If looking o'er the rolls of fate,  
 Did you there see me mark'd to marrow  
 Mary Scot the flower of Yarrow?



# OF CHOICE SONGS.

63

Ah no! her form's too heav'nly fair,  
Her love the gods above must share;  
While mortals with despair explore her,  
And at a distance due adore her.  
O lovely maid! my doubts beguile,  
Revive and blefs me with a smile:  
Alas! if not, you'll soon debar a  
Sighing swain the banks of Yarrow.

Be hush, ye fears, I'll not despair;  
My Mary's tender as she's fair;  
Then I'll go tell her all mine anguish,  
She is too good to let me languish:  
With success crown'd I'll not envy  
The folks who dwell above the sky;  
When Mary Scot's become my marrow,  
We'll make a paradise in Yarrow.



## O'er Bogie.

I Will awa' wi' my love,  
I will awa' wi' her,  
Tho' a my kin had sworn and said,  
I'll o'er Bogie wi' her.  
If I can get but her consent,  
I dinna care a strae;  
Tho ilka ane be discontent,  
Awa' wi' her I'll gae.  
I will awa', &c.

For now she's mistress of my heart,  
And wordy of my hand,  
And well I wat we shanna part  
For filler or for land.  
Let rakes delyte to swear and drink,  
And beaus admire fine lace,  
But my chief pleasure is to blink  
On Betty's bonny face.  
I will awa', &c.

There



There a' the beauties do combine,  
 Of colour, treats, and air,  
 The faul that sparkles in her een  
 Makes her a jewel rare:  
 Her flowing wit gives shining life  
 To a' her other charms;  
 How blest I'll be when she's my wife,  
 And lock'd up in my arms!  
*I will awa', &c.*

There blythly will I rant and sing,  
 While o'er her sweets I range,  
 I'll cry, Your humble servant, King,  
 Shame fa' them that wad change  
 A kifs of Betty and a smile,  
 A'beit ye wad lay down  
 The right ye hae to Britain's isle,  
 And offer me ye'r crown.  
*I will awa', &c.*

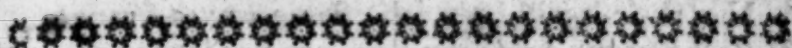


✓ O'er the Moor to MAGGY.  
**A**ND I'll o'er the moor to Maggy,  
 Her wit and sweetness call me  
 Then to my fair I'll show my mind,  
 Whatever may befall me.  
 If she love mirth I'll learn to sing,  
 Or likes the Nine to follow,  
 I'll lay my lugs in Pindus' spring,  
 And invoke Apollo.

If she admire a martial mind,  
 I'll sheath my limbs in armour;  
 If to the softer dance inclin'd,  
 With gayest airs I'll charm her:  
 If she love grandeur, day and night,  
 I'll plot my nation's glory,  
 Find favour in my prince's sight,  
 And shine in future story.



Beauty can wonders work with ease,  
Where wit is corresponding;  
And bravest men know best to please,  
With complaisance abounding.  
My bonny Maggy's love can turn  
Me to what shape she pleases,  
If in her breast that flame shall burn,  
Which in my bosom blazes.



✓ POLWART on the GREEN.

**A**T *Polwart on the Green*  
*If you'll meet me the morn,*  
*Where lasses do convene*  
*To dance about the thorn,*  
A kindly welcome you shall meet  
Frae her wha likes to view -  
A lover and a lad complete,  
The lad and lover you.

Let dorty dames say *Na*,  
As lang as e'er they please,  
Seem cauldier than the sna',  
While inwardly they bleeze;  
But I will frankly shaw my mind,  
And yield my heart to thee;  
Be ever to the captive kind,  
That langs na to be free.

At Polwart on the green,  
Amang the new-mawn hay,  
With fangs and dancing keen  
We'll pass the heartsome day.  
*At night if beds be o'er thrang laid,*  
*And thou be twin'd of thine,*  
*Thou shalt be welcome, my dear lad,*  
*To take a part of mine.*



## JOHN HAY's bonny Laffie.

**B**Y smooth winding Tay a swain was reclining,  
Aft cry'd he, Oh hey? maun I still live pining  
Myself thus away and darna discover  
To my bonny Hay, that I am her lover?

Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes stranger:  
Is she's not my bride my days are nae langer:  
Then I'll take a heart and try at a venture,  
May be, ere we part, my vows may content her.

She's fresh as the spring, and sweet as Aurora,  
When birds mount and sing, bidding day a good mor-  
The sward of the mead, enamel'd with daisies, (row.  
Look wither'd and dead, when twin'd of her graces.

But if she appear where verdures invite her,  
The fountain run clear, and flow'rs smell the sweet-  
'Tis heaven to be by, when her wit is a-flowing (er:  
Her smiles and bright eye set my spirits a-glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded;  
Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded:  
I'm all on a fire dear maid to carrels ye,  
For a' my desire is Hay's bonny lassie.



## KATHRINE OGIE.

**A**S walking forth to view the plain,  
Upon a morning early,  
While May's sweet scent did chear my brain  
From flow'rs which grew so rarely:  
I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid,  
She shin'd though it was foggy;  
I ask'd her name: Sweet Sir, she said,  
Ny name is Kathrine Ogie.



I stood a while, and did admire,  
 To see a nymph so stately;  
 So brisk an air there did appear  
 In a country-maid so neatly:  
 Such natural sweetness she display'd,  
 Like a lillie in a boggie;  
 Diana's self was ne'er array'd  
 Like this same Katharine Ogie.

Thou flow'r of females, beauty's queen,  
 Who sees thee, sure must prize thee;  
 Though thou art dress'd in robes but mean,  
 Yet these cannot disguise thee;  
 Thy handsome air, and graceful look,  
 Far excels any clownish rogie;  
 Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,  
 My charming Katharine Ogie.

O were I but some shepherd swain!  
 To feed my flock beside thee,  
 At boughting time to leave the plain,  
 In milking to abide thee;  
 I'd think myself a happier man,  
 With Kate, my club, and dogie,  
 Than he that hugs his thousands ten,  
 Had I but Katharine Ogie.

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne,  
 And statesmens dang'rous stations:  
 I'd be no King, I'd wear no crown,  
 I'd smile at conq'ring nations:  
 Might I caress and still possess  
 This lass of whom I'm vogie;  
 For these are toys, and still look less,  
 Compar'd with Katharine Ogie.

But I fear the gods have not decreed  
 For me so fine a creature,  
 Whose beauty rare makes her exceed  
 All other works in nature.



Clouds of despair surround my love,  
 That are both dark and foggy :  
 Pity my case, ye powers above,  
 Else I die for Katharine Ogie,

X



✓ An thou were my ain Thing.

O F race divine thou needs must be,  
 Since nothing earthly equals thee ;  
 For heaven's sake, oh ! favour me,  
 Who only lives to love thee.  
*An thou were my ain thing,  
 I would love thee, I would love thee ;  
 An thou were my ain thing,  
 How dearly would I love thee !*

The gods one thing peculiar have,  
 To ruin none whom they can save ;  
 O ! for their sake support a slave,  
 Who only lives to love thee.  
*An thou were, &c.*

To merit I no claim can make,  
 But that I love, and for your sake,  
 What man can name I'll undertake,  
 So dearly do I love thee.  
*An thou were, &c.*

My passion, constant as the sun,  
 Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done  
 Till fates my thread of life have spun,  
 Which breathing out I'll love thee.  
*An thou were, &c.*

X

Like



Like bees that suck the morning dew,  
 Frae flowers of sweetest scent and hew,  
 Sae wad I dwell upo' thy mou'  
 And gar the gods envy me.  
*An thou were, &c.*

Sae lang's I had the use of light,  
 I'd on thy beauties feast my sight,  
 Syne in fast whispers through the night,  
 I'd tell how much I loo'd thee.  
*An thou were, &c.*

How fair and ruddy is my Jean!  
 She moves a goddeis o'er the green;  
 Were I a king, thou should be queen,  
 Nane but mysell aboon thee.  
*An thou were, &c.*

I'd grasp thee to this breast of mine,  
 Whilst thou, like ivy, or the vine,  
 Around my stronger limbs thou'd twine,  
 Form'd hardy to defend thee.  
*An thou were, &c.*

Time's on the wing, and will not stay,  
 In shining youth let's make our hay;  
 Since love admits of nae delay,  
 O let nae scorn undo thee.  
*An thou were, &c.*

While Love does at his altar stand,  
 Hae there's my heart, gi'e me thy hand,  
 And, with ilk smile, thou shalt command  
 The will of him wha loves thee.  
*An thou were, &c.*

There's



✓ There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

**M**Y sweetest May, let love incline thee,  
 T' accept a heart which he designs thee;  
 And, as your constant slave, regard it,  
 Syne for its faithfulness reward it.  
 'Tis proof a-shot to birth or money,  
 But yields to what is sweet and bonny;  
 Receive it then with a kiss and a smile,  
 There's my thumb 'twill ne'er beguile ye.

How tempting sweet these lips of thine are,  
 Thy bosom white, and legs sae fine are,  
 That, when in pools I see thee clean 'em,  
 They carry away my heart between 'em.  
 I wish, and I wish, while it gaes duntin,  
 O gin I had thee on a mountain,  
 Though kith and kin and a' shou'd revile thee,  
 There's my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Alane through flow'ry haws I dander,  
 Tenting my flocks lest they shou'd wander,  
 Gin thou'll gae alang, I'll dawt thee gaylie,  
 And gi'e my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.  
 O my dear lassie, it is but daffin,  
 To had thy wooer up ay niff-naffin.  
 That na, na, na, I hate it most vilely,  
 O say Yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee.



✓ For the Love of J E A N.

**J**OCKY said to Jeany, Jeany, wilt thou do't?  
 Ne'er a fit, quo' Jeany, for my tocher-good,  
 For my tocher good, I winna marry thee.  
 E'ens ye like, quo' Jonny, ye may let it be.



OF CHOICE SONGS.

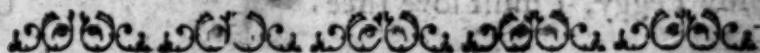
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I hae gowd and gear, I hae land enough,  
I hae seven good owfen ganging in a pleugh,  
Ganging in a pleugh, and linking o'er the lee,  
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I hae a good ha' house, a barn and a byre,  
A stack afore the door, 'll make a rantin fire,  
I'll make a rantin fire, and merry shall we be:  
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

Jeany said to Jocky, Gin ye winna tell,  
Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysell.  
Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free,  
Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me.

Z.



SONG.

*Tune, Peggy, I must love thee.*

**B**eneath a beech's grateful shade,  
Young Colin lay complaining;  
He sigh'd, and seem'd to love a maid,  
Without hopes of obtaining:  
For thus the swain indulg'd his grief,  
Though pity cannot move thee,  
Though thy hard heart gives no relief,  
Yet, Peggy, I must love thee.

Say, Peggy, what has Colin done,  
That thus you cruelly use him?  
If love's a fault, 'tis that alone  
For which you should excuse him.  
'Twas thy dear self first rais'd this flame,  
This fire by which I languish;  
'Tis thou alone can quench the same,  
And cool its scorching anguish.

For



For thee I leave the sportive plain,  
 Where ev'ry maid invites me;  
 For thee, sole cause of all my pain,  
 For thee that only slights me:  
 This love that fires my faithful heart  
 By all but thee's commended  
 Oh! would thou act so good a part,  
 My grief might soon be ended.

That beauteous breast, so soft to feel,  
 Seem'd tenderness all over,  
 Yet it defends thy heart like steel,  
 'Gainst thy despairing lover.  
 Alas! tho' should it ne'er relent,  
 Nor Colin's care e'er move thee,  
 Yet till life's latest breath is spent,  
 My Peggy, I must love thee.

C

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✓ Genty TIBBY, and sonfy NELLY.

*Tune, Tibby Fowler in the glen.*

TIBBY has a store o' charms,  
 Her genty shape our fancy warms;  
 How strangely can her sma' white arms  
 Fetter the lad who looks but at her?  
 Fra'er ancle to her slender waift,  
 These sweets conceal'd invite to dawt her;  
 Her rosy check, and rising breast,  
 Gar ane's mouth gush bowt fu' o' water.

Nelly's gawfy, fast, and gay,  
 Fresh as the lucken flowers in May;  
 Ilk ane that sees her, crys *Ah hey,*  
*She's bonny! O I wonder at her!*  
 The dimples of her chin and cheek,  
 And limbs sae plump invite to dawt her;  
 Her lips sae sweet, and skin sae sleek,  
 Gar mony mouths beside mine water.

Now







Take your glass to clear your cenny,  
 'Tis the elixir heals the spleen,  
 Baith wit and mirth it will inspire,  
 And gently puffs the lover's fire.

Up in the air,

It drives away care;

Ha'e wi'ye, ha'e wi'ye, and ha'e wi'ye, lads, yet.

Up in, &c.

Steek the doors, keep out the frost;  
 Come, Willie, gi's about your toast;  
 Til't, lads, and lilt it out,

And let us ha'e a blythsome bout.

Up wi't there, there,

Dinna cheat, but drink fair:

Huzza, huzza, and huzza, lads, yet.

Up wi't, &c.

\*\*\*\*\*



Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae.

**G**IN ye meet a bonny lassie,  
 Gi'e her a kils and let her gae;  
 But if ye meet a dirty huffy,  
 Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae.

Be sure ye dinna quit the grip  
 Of ilka joy, when ye are young,  
 Before auld age your vitals nip,  
 And lay ye twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blyth and heartsome time;  
 Then, lads and lasses, while 'tis May,  
 Gae pu' the gowan in its prime,  
 Before it wither and decay.

Watch the fast minutes of delyte,  
 When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,  
 And kisses, laying a' the wyte  
 On you, if she kepp ony skaith.



Haith ye're ill-bred, she'll smiling say,  
 Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook:  
 Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,  
 And hide herself in some dark nook.

Her laugh will lead you to the place  
 Where lies the happiness you want,  
 And plainly tell you to your face,  
 Nineteen na-says are ha'f a grant.

Now to her heaving bosom cling,  
 And sweetly toolie for a kiss:  
 Frae her fair finger whoop a ring,  
 As taiken of a future bliss.

These bennifons, I'm very sure,  
 Are of the gods indulgent grant:  
 Then, furly earls, whisht, forbear  
 To plague us with your whining cant.



### PATIE and PEGGY.

PATIE.

**B**Y the delicious warmness of thy mouth,  
 And rowing eye, which smiling tells the truth,  
 I guess, my lassie, that, as well as I,  
 You're made for love, and why should ye deny?

PEGGY.

But ken ye, lad, gin we confess o'er soon,  
 Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done:  
 The maiden that o'er quickly tines her pow'r,  
 Like unripe fruit, will taste but hard and sour.

PATIE.

But when they hing o'er lang upon the tree,  
 Their sweetness they may fine; and sae may ye:  
 Red-cheeked you completely ripe appear,  
 And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang ha'f-year.



PEGGY.

Then dinna pu' me; gently thus I fa'  
 Into my Patie's arms for good and a':  
 But stint your wishes to this frank embrace,  
 And mint nae farther till we've got the grace.

PATIE.

O charming armfu'! hence, ye cares, away,  
 I'll kiss my treasure a' the live-lang day:  
 A' night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,  
 Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

CHORUS.

*Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,  
 Gang soon to bed and quick'y rise;  
 O lass your steeds, post time away,  
 And haste about our bridal-day;  
 And if ye're weary'd, honest light,  
 Sleep gin ye like a week that night.*



✓ The Mill, Mill --- O.

**B**eneath a green shade I fand a fair maid,  
 Was sleeping sound and still—O;  
 A' lowan wi' love, my fancy did rove  
 Around her with good will—O;  
 Her bosom I press'd; but sunk in her rest,  
 She stirr'dna my joy to spill—O;  
 While kindly she slept, close to her I crept,  
 And kiss'd, and kiss'd her my fill—O.

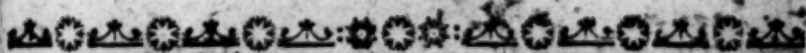
Oblig'd by command in Flanders to land,  
 'T'employ my courage and skill—O,  
 Frae her quietly I staw, hoist sails and awa',  
 For the wind blew fair on the bill—O.  
 Twa years brought me hame, where loud-fraising  
 Tald me with a voice right shrill—O, (same  
 My lals, like a fool, had mounted the stool,  
 Nor kend wha had done her the ill—O.

Mair



Mair fond of her charms, with my son in her arms,  
 I ferlying speer'd how she fell—O,  
 Wi' the tear in her eye, quoth she, Let me die,  
 Sweet Sir, gin I can tell—O.  
 Love gave the command, I took her by the hand,  
 And bade her a' fears expel—O,  
 And nae mair look wan, for I was the man  
 Wha had done her the deed mysell—O.

My bonny sweet lass, on the gowany grass,  
 Beneath the Shilling hill—O,  
 If I did offence, I'll make ye amends  
 Before I leave Peggy's mill—O.  
 O the mill, mill—O, and the kull, kull—O,  
 And the coggin of the wheel—O:  
 The sack and the sieve, a' that ye maun leave,  
 And round with a sodger reet—O.



✓ COLIN and GRISY parting.

*Tune, Wo's my heart that we should sunder.*

WITH broken words, and downcast eyes,  
 Poor Colin spoke his passion tender;  
 And, parting with his Grisy, cries,  
 Ah! wo's my heart that we should sunder.

To others I am cold as snow,  
 But kindle with thine eyes like tinder;  
 From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go:  
 It breaks my heart that we should sunder.

Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range,  
 No beauty new my love shall hinder,  
 Nor time nor place shall ever change  
 My vows, though we're oblig'd to sunder.

The



The image of thy graceful air,  
And beauties which invite our wonder,  
Thy lively wit and prudence rare,  
Shall still be present, though we funder.

Dear nymph, believe thy swain in this,  
You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder;  
Then seal a promise with a kiss,  
Always to love me though we funder.

Ye gods, take care of my dear lass,  
That as I leave her I may find her,  
When that bless'd time shall come to pass,  
We'll meet again, and never funder.



### The GABERLUNZIE-MAN.

*By H. James the 7<sup>th</sup>*

**T**HE pawky auld carle came o'er the lee,  
Wi' mony good e'ens and days to me,  
Saying, Goodwife, for your courtesie,  
Will you lodge a silly poor man?  
The night was cauld, the carl was wat,  
And down ayont the ingle he sat;  
My doughter's shoulders he 'gan to clap,  
And cadgily ranted and sang.

O wow! quo' he, were I as free  
As first when I saw this country,  
How blyth and merry wad I be!  
And I wad never think lang.  
He grew cansy, and she grew fain;  
But little did her auld minny ken  
What thir flee twa together were say'ng,  
When wooing they were sae thrang.

And O! quo' he, an ye were as black  
As e'er the crown of my daddy's hat,  
'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,  
And awa' wi' me thou thou'd gang.

*Supposed to be an account of one And  
of H. James's adventures.*



And O! quo' she, an I were as white  
 As e'er the snaw lay on the dike,  
 I'd clead me braw and lady-like,  
 And awa' with thee I wou'd gang.

Between the twa was made a plot;  
 They raise a wee before the cock,  
 And wilily they shot the lock,

And fast to the bent are gane,  
 Up in the morn the auld wife raise,  
 And at her leisure put on her claife,  
 Syne to the servants bed she gae,  
 To speer for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay,  
 The strae was cauld, he was away,  
 She clapt her hand, cry'd, Waladay,

For some of our gear will be gane.  
 Some ran to coffers and some to kists,  
 But nought was stown that could be mist;  
 She danc'd her lane, cry'd, Praise be blest,  
 I have lodg'd a leel poor man.

Since naething's awa', as we can learn,  
 The kirk's to kirk and milk to earn,  
 Gae but the house lass and waken my bairn,  
 And bid her come quickly ben.

The servant gaed where the doughter lay,  
 The sheets were cauld she was away,  
 And fast to her godwife did say,  
 She's aff with the Gaberlunzie-man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,  
 And haste ye find these traitors again;  
 For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,  
 The wearifu' Gaberlunzie-man.

Some rade upo' horse, some ran a-fit,  
 The wife was wood an out o' her wit:  
 She cou'd na gang, nor yet cou'd she sit.  
 But ay she curs'd and she bann'd.



Mean time far hind out o'er the lee,  
 Fu' snug in a glen, where nane could see,  
 The twa, with kindly sport and glee,  
 Cut frae a new cheese a whang:  
 The priving was good it-pleas'd them baith,  
 To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith,  
 Quo she, to leave thee I will be laith,  
 My winsome Gaberlunzie-man.

O kend my minny I were wi' you,  
 Ill-fardly wad she crook her mou',  
 Sic a poor man she'd never trow,

After the Gaberlunzie-man.

My dear, quo he, ye're vet o'er young,  
 And hae na learn'd the beggar's tongue,  
 To follow me frae town to town,  
 And carry the Gaberlunzie on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,  
 And spindles and whorles for them wha need,  
 Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,

To carry the Gaberlunzie on.

I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,  
 And draw a black clout o'er my eye,  
 A cripple or blind they will ca' me,  
 While we shall be merry and sing.

\*\*\*\*\*

### THE CORDIAL.

Tune, *Where shall our goodman lie?*

H. E.

Where wad bonny Annie lie?  
 Alane nae mair ye maun lie;  
 Wad ye goodman try?  
 Is that the thing ye're lacking!

S H L



OF CHOICE SONGS. 81

S H E

Can a lass sae young as I  
Venture on the bridal-tie,  
Synce down with a goodman lie?  
I'm flee'd he'll keep me wauking.

H E

Never judge until ye try,  
Make me your goodman, I  
Shanna hinder you to lie,  
And sleep till ye be weary.

S H E.

What if I shou'd wauking lie,  
When the hoboys are gawn by,  
Will ye tent me when I cry,  
My dear, I'm faint and iry?

H E.

In my bosom thou shalt lie,  
When thou waukrife art, or dry,  
Healthy cordial standing by,  
Shall presently revive thee.

S H E.

To your will I then comply,  
Join us, Priest, and let me try  
How I'll wi' a goodman lie,  
Wha can a cordial give me.

EW-BUGHTS MARION.

WILL ye go to the ew-bughts, Marion,  
And wear in the sheep wi' me?  
The sun shiues sweet, my Marion,  
But nae half sae sweet as thee.  
O Marion's a bonny lass,  
And the blyth blink's in her eye;  
And fain wad I marry Marion,  
Gin Marion wad marry me.

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L

There



There's gowd in your garters, Marion,  
 And silk on your white haufs-bane;  
 Fu' fain wad I kifs my Marion,  
 At ev'n when I come hame  
 There's braw lads in Earnslaw, Marion,  
 Wha gape, and glowr with their eye,  
 At kirk, when they see my Marion:  
 But nane of them lo'es like me.

I've nine milk-ewes, my Marion;  
 A cow and a brawny quey,  
 I'll gi'e them a' to my Marion,  
 Just on her bridal-day;  
 And ye's get a green scy apron,  
 And waistcoat of the London brown,  
 And wow but ye will be vap'ring,  
 Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion;  
 Nane dances like me on the green:  
 And gin ye forsake me, Marion,  
 I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean:  
*Sea put on your pearlins, Marion,*  
 And kirtle of the cramasie;  
 And soon as my chin has nae hair on,  
 I shall come west, and see ye.



✓ The blythsome Bridal.

**F**Y let us a' to the bridal,  
 For there will be liting there;  
 For Jocky's to be married to Maggy,  
 The lefs wi' the gowden hair.  
 And there will be lang-kail and pottage,  
 And bannocks of barley meal;  
 And there will be good sawt herring,  
 To relish a cog of good ale.  
*Fy let us a' to the brydal, &c.*



And there will be Sawney the futor,  
 And Will wi' the meikle mou';  
 And there will be Tam the blutter,  
 With Andrew the tinkler, I trow;  
 And there will be bow-legg'd Robbie,  
 With thumblefs Katy's goodman;  
 And there will be blue-cheeked Dowbie,  
 And Lawrie the laird of the land.  
*Fy let us, &c.*

And there will be sow-libber Patie,  
 And plucky-fac'd Wat i' the mill,  
 Caper-nos d Francie and Gibbie,  
 That wins in the how of the hill;  
 And there will be Alaster Sibbie,  
 Wha in with black Bessie did mool,  
 With snivelling Lilly and Tibby,  
 The las that stands aft on the stool.  
*Fy let us, &c.*

And Madge that was buckled to Steenie,  
 And coft him grey breeks to his arse,  
 Who after was hangit for stealing,  
 Great mercy it happen'd na warfe:  
 And there will be glee'd Geordy Janners,  
 And K'ish wi' the lilly-white leg,  
 Wha gade to the south for manners,  
 And bang'd up her wame in Mons-meg.  
*Fy let us, &c.*

And there will be Judan Maclawrie,  
 And blinkin daft Barbara Macleg,  
 Wi' flae-lugged sharney-fac'd Lawrie,  
 And shangy-mou'd haluket Meg  
 And there will be happer-ars'd Nabsy,  
 And fairy-fac'd Flowrie by name,  
 Muck Madie, and fat-hippit Grisy,  
 The las wi' the gowden wame.  
*Fy let us, &c.*



And there will be Girn-again-Gibbie,  
 With his-glaikit wife Jenny Bell,  
 And misle-shinn'd Mungo Macapie,  
 The lad that was skipper himsell.  
 There lads and lassies in pearlins  
 Will feast in the heart of the ha',  
 On sybows, and rifarts, and carlings,  
 That are baith foddan and raw.  
*Fy let us, &c.*

And there will be fadges and brachan,  
 With fowth of good gabbocks of skate,  
 Powfowdy, and drammock, and crowdy,  
 And cauler nowt-feet in a plate.  
 And there will be partans and buckies,  
 And whitens and speldings enew,  
 With singed sheep-heads, and a haggies,  
 And scadlips to sup till ye spew.  
*Fy let us, &c.*

And there will be lapper'd-milk kebbocks,  
 And sowens, and farls, and baps,  
 With swats, and well-scraped paunches,  
 And brandy in stoups and in caps:  
 And there will be meal-kail and castocks,  
 With skink to sup till ye rive,  
 And roasts to roast on a brander,  
 Of flowks that were taken alive.  
*Fy let us, &c.*

Scrap haddocks, wilks, dulce and tangle,  
 And a mill of good snishing to prie;  
 When weary with eating and drinking,  
 We'll rise up and dance till we die.  
*Then fy let us a' to the bridal,*  
*For there will be liting there;*  
*For Jocky's to be married to Maggie,*  
*The lass wi' the gowden hair.*

Z.

The



## The HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THE lawland lads think they are fine;  
 But O they're vain and idly gaudy!  
 How much unlike that gracefu' mien,  
 And manly looks of my highland laddie?

*O my bonny, bonny highland laddie,  
 My handsome, charming highland laddie;  
 May heaven still guard, and love reward  
 Our lawland lass and her highland laddie.*

If I were free at will to chuse  
 To be the wealthiest lawland lady,  
 I'd take young Donald without trows,  
 With bonnet blew, and belted plaidy.  
*O my bonny, &c.*

The brawest bear in borrows-town,  
 In a' his airs, which art made ready,  
 Compar'd to him, he's but a clown;  
 He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.  
*O my bonny, &c.*

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,  
 And leave my lawland kin and dady;  
 Frae winter's cauld, and summer's sun,  
 He'll screen me with his highland plaidy.  
*O my bonny, &c.*

A painted room, and filken bed,  
 May please a lawland laird and lady;  
 But I can kiss, and be as glad,  
 Behind a bush in's highland plaidy.  
*O my bonny, &c.*

Few compliments between us pass,  
 I ca' him my dear highland laddie,  
 And he ca's me his lawland lass,  
 Syne rows me in beneath his plaidy.  
*O my bonny, &c.*



Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,  
 Than that his love prove true and steady,  
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,  
 While heaven preserves my highland laddie.  
*O my bonny, &c.*

✓  
 ALLAN WATER.

Or, My Love ANNIE's very bonny.

**W**HAT numbers shall the muse repeat?  
 What verse be found to praise my Annie?  
 On her ten thousand graces wait,  
 Each swain admires, and owns she's bonny.  
 Since first she trod the happy plain,  
 She set each youthful heart on fire;  
 Each nymph does to her swain complain,  
 That Annie kindles new desire.

This lovely darling dearest care,  
 This new delight, this charming Annie,  
 Like summer's dawn, she's fresh and fair,  
 When Flora's fragrant breezes fan ye.  
 All day the am'rous youths convene,  
 Joyous they sport and play before her;  
 All night, when she no more is seen,  
 In blissful dreams they still adore her.

Among the crowd Amyntor came,  
 He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to Annie;  
 His rising sighs express his flame,  
 His words were few, his wishes many.  
 With smiles the lovely maid reply'd,  
 Kind shepherd why should I deceive ye?  
 Alas! your love must be deny'd,  
 This destin'd breast can ne'er relieve ye.

Young Damon came with Cupid's art,  
 His wiles, his smiles, his charms beguiling,  
 He stole away my virgin heart;  
 Cease, poor Amyntor, cease bewailing.



# OF CHOICE SONGS.

Some brighter beauty you may find,  
On yonder plain the nymphs are many;  
Then chuse some heart that's unconfin'd,  
And leave to Damon his own Annie. C.

## The Collier's bonny Lassie.

**T**HE collier has a daughter,  
And O she's wonder bonny;  
A laird he was that sought her,  
Rich baith in lands and money:  
The tutors watch'd the motion  
Of this young honest lover;  
But love is like the ocean;  
Wha can its depth discover?

He had the art to please ye,  
And was by a' respected:  
His airs sat round him easy,  
Genteel, but unaffected.  
The collier's bonny lassie,  
Fair as the new-blown lillie,  
Ay sweet, and never saucy,  
Secur'd the heart of Willie.

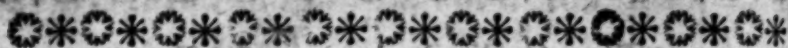
He lov'd beyond expression  
The charms that were about her,  
And panted for possession,  
His life was dull without her,  
After mature resolving,  
Close to his breast he held her,  
In fastest flames dissolving,  
He tenderly thus tell'd her:

My bonny collier's daughter,  
Let naething discompose ye,  
'Tis no your scanty tocher  
Shall ever gar me lose ye:

For



For I have gear in plenty,  
 And love says, 'Tis my duty  
 To ware what heav'n has lent me  
 Upon your wit and beauty.



Where HELEN lies. *Pinkerton*

To — in mourning.

AH! why those tears in Nelly's eyes?  
 To hear thy tender sighs and cries,  
 The gods stand list'ning from the skies,  
 Pleas'd with thy piety.  
 To mourn the dead, dear nymph forbear,  
 And of one dying take a care,  
 Who views thee as an angel fair,  
 Or some divinity.

O be less graceful, or more kind,  
 And cool this fever of my mind,  
 Caus'd by the boy severe and blind;  
 Wounded, I sigh for thee;  
 While hardly dare I hope to rise  
 To such a height by Hymen's ties,  
 To lay me down where Helen lies,  
 And with thy charms be free.

Then must I hide my love and die,  
 When such a sovereign cure is by?  
 No; she can love, and I'll go try,  
 Whate'er my fate may be;  
 Which soon I'll read in her bright eyes,  
 With those dear agents I'll advise,  
 They tell the truth when tongues tell lies,  
 The least believ'd by me.



S O N G.

Hamilton

For oh ! that form so heavenly fair,  
Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,  
That artless blush, and modest air,  
So fatal'y beguiling.  
Thy every look, and every grace,  
So charm whene'er I view thee ;  
Till death o'ertake me in the chace,  
Still will my hopes pursue thee.  
Then when my tedious hours are past,  
Be this last blessing given,  
Low at thy feet to breathe my last,  
And die in sight of heaven.

To L. M. M.

Tune, *Rantin roaring Willie.*

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M

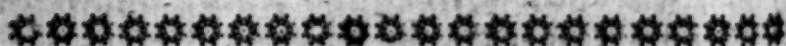
But



But say not thou'lt imitate angels  
 Ought fairer, though scarcely, ah me!  
 Can be found equalizing thy merit,  
 A match amongst mortals for thee.

Thy many fair beauties shed fires  
 May warm up ten thousand to love,  
 Who despairing, may fly to some other,  
 While I may despair, but ne'er rove.  
 What a mixture of sighing and joys  
 This distant adoring of thee,  
 Gives to a fond heart too aspiring,  
 Who loves in sad silence like me?

Thus looks the beggar on treasure,  
 And shipwreck'd on landscapes on shore:  
 Be still more divine and have pity;  
 I die soon as hope is no more.  
 For Mary, my soul is thy captive,  
 Nor love, nor expects to be free;  
 Thy beauties are fetters delightful,  
 Thy slav'ry's a pleasure to me.



This is no mine ain House.

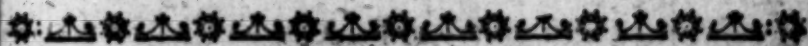
**T**HIS is not mine ain house,  
 I ken by the rigging o't;  
 Since with my love I've changed vows,  
 I dinna like the bigging o't.  
 For now that I'm young Robie's bride,  
 And mistress of his fire-side,  
 Mine ain house I like to guide,  
 And please me with the triggig o't.

Then farewell to my father's house,  
 I gang where love invites me;  
 The strictest duty this allows,  
 When love with honour meets me.



When Hymen moulds us into ane,  
 My Robie's nearer than my kin,  
 And to refuse him were a sin,  
 Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When I'm in mine ain house,  
 I rue love shall be at hand ay,  
 To make me still a prudent spouse,  
 And let my man command ay;  
 Avoiding ilka cause of strife,  
 The common pest of married life,  
 That makes ane wearied of his wife,  
 And breaks the kindly band ay.



Fint a Crum of thee she faws.

**R**ETURN hameward, my heart, again,  
 And bide where thou was wont to be,  
 Thou art a fool to suffer pain  
 For love of ane that loves not thee.  
 My heart, let be sic fantasie,  
 Love only where thou hast good cause;  
 Since scorn and liking ne'er agree,  
 The fint a crum of thee she faws.

To what effect should thou be thrall?  
 Be happy in thine ain free-will,  
 My heart, be never bestial,  
 But ken wha does thee good or ill.  
 At hame with me then tarry still,  
 And see wha can best play their paws,  
 And let the silly sling her fill,  
 For fint a crum of thee she faws.

Though she be fair I will not fenzie,  
 She's of a kind with mony mae;  
 For why, they are a fellon menzie  
 That seemeth good and are not sae.

M A

My



My heart, take neither sturt nor wae  
 For Meg, for Marjory, or Maufe,  
 But be thou blyth, and let her gae,  
 For sint a crum of thee she faws.

Remember, how that Medea  
 Wild for a sight of Jason yied,  
 Remember, how that young Cressida  
 Left Troilus for Diomedè;  
 Remember Hellen as we read,  
 Brought Troy from bless unto bare waws:  
 Then let her gae where she may speed,  
 For sint a crum of thee she faws.

Because she said I took it ill,  
 For her depart my heart was fair,  
 But was beguil'd; gae where she will,  
 Beshrew the heart that first takes care;  
 But be thou merry late and air,  
 This is the final end and clause,  
 And let her feed and foully fair,  
 For sint a crum of thee she faws.

Ne'er dunt again within my breast,  
 Ne'er let her slights thy courage spill,  
 Nor gie a sob although she sneest,  
 She's fairest paid that get's her will.  
 She gecks as gif I mean'd her ill,  
 When she glaicks paughty in her brows;  
 Now let her snirt and fyke her fill,  
 For sint a crum of thee she faws.

Z



To Mrs. E. C.

Tune, *Sae merry as we have been,*  
**N**OW Phœbus advances on high,  
 Nae footsteps of winter are seen;  
 The birds carrol sweet in the sky,  
 And lambkins dance reels on the green.

Through

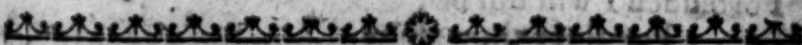


Through plantings, and burnies sae clear,  
 We wander for pleasure and health,  
 Where buddings and blossoms appear,  
 Giving prospects of joy and wealth.

View ilka gay scene all around,  
 That are, and that promise to be;  
 Yet in them a' naething is found  
 Sae perfect, Eliza, as thee.  
 Thy een the clear fountains excel,  
 Thy locks they outrival the grove;  
 When zephyrs thus pleasingly swell,  
 Ilk wave makes a captive to love.

The roses and lilies combin'd,  
 And flowers of most delicate hue,  
 By thy cheek and dear breasts are outshin'd,  
 Their tinctures are naething sae true.  
 What can we compare with thy voice,  
 And what with thy humour sae sweet?  
 Nae music can bless with sic joys;  
 Sure angels are just sae complete.

Fair blossom of ilka delight,  
 Whose beauties ten thousand outshine;  
 Thy sweet shall be lasting and bright,  
 Being mix'd with sae many divine.  
 Ye pow'rs, who have given sic charms  
 To Eliza your image below,  
 O save her frae all human harms!  
 And make her hours happily flow.



My Daddy forbad, my Minny forbad.

WHEN I think on my lad,  
 I sigh and am sad,  
 For now he is far frae me.

My



My daddy was harsh,  
 My minny was warse,  
 That gart him gae yont the sea,  
 Without an estate,  
 That made him look blate :  
 And yet a brave lad is he.  
 Gin safe he come hame,  
 In spite of my dame,  
 He'll ever be welcome to me.

Love speers na advice  
 Of parents o'er wise,  
 That have but ae bairn like me,  
 That looks upon cash,  
 As naething but trash,  
 That shakles what shou'd be free.  
 And though my dear lad  
 Not ae penny had,  
 Since qualities better has he ;  
 A'beit I'm an heirefs,  
 I think it but fair is,  
 To love him, since he loves me.

Then, my dear Jamie,  
 To thy kind Jeanie.  
 Haste, haste thee in o'er the sea,  
 To her wha can find  
 Nae ease in her mind,  
 Without a biyth sight of thee.  
 Though my daddy forbad,  
 And my minny forbad,  
 Forbidden I will not be ;  
 For since thou alone  
 My favour hast won,  
 Nane else shall e'er it get for me.

Yet them I'll not grieve,  
 Or without their leave,  
 Gi'e my hand as a wife to thee :



Be content with a heart,  
That can never desert,  
Till they cease to oppose or be.  
My parents may prove  
Yet friends to our love,  
When our firm resolves they see ;  
Then I with pleasure  
Will yield up my treasure,  
And a' that love orders to thee.

Tune, Steer her up, and had her gawn.

O Steer her up, and had her gawn,  
Her mither's at the mill, jo ;  
But gin she winna tak a man,  
E'en let her tak her will, jo.  
Pray thee, lad, leave silly thinking,  
Cast thy cares of love away ;  
Let's our sorrows drown in drinking,  
'Tis daffin langer to delay.

See that shining glaſs of clarer,  
How invitingly it looks ;  
Take it aff, and let's hae mair o't,  
Pox on fighting, trade, and books.  
Let's have pleaſure while we're able,  
Bring us in the meikle bowl,  
Place t on the middle of the table,  
And let wind and weather gowl.

Call the drawer, "let him fill it  
Fou, as ever it can hold :  
O tak tent ye dinna spill it,  
'Tis mair precious far than gold.  
By you've drunk a dozen bumpers,  
Bacchus will begin to prove,  
Spite of Venus and her Mumpers,  
Drinking better is than love.

## Clout



## Clout the Caldron.

**H**AVE you any pots or pans,  
Or any broken chandlers?

I am a tinkler to my trade,

And newly come frae Flanders,

As scant of filler as of grace,

Disbanded, we've a bad run;

Gar tell the lady of the place,

I'm come to clout her caldron.

*Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.*

Madam, if you have wark for me,

I'll do't to your contentment,

And dinna care a single flie

For any man's resentment;

For, lady fair, though I appear

To ev'ry ane a tinkler,

Yet to yoursell I'm bauld to tell,

I am a gentl'e jinker.

*Fa adrie, didle, dialle, &c.*

Love Jupiter into a swan

Turn'd for his lovely Leda;

He like a bull o'er meadows ran,

To carry aff Europa.

Then may not I, as well as he,

To cheat your Argos blinker,

And win your love, like mighty Jove,

Thus hide me in a tinkler?

*Fa adrie, didle, dialle, &c.*

Sir, ye appear a cunning man,

But this fine plot you'll fail in,

For there is neither pot nor pan

Of mine you'll drive a nail in.

Then bind your budget on your back,

And nails up in your apron,

For I've a tinkler under tack

That's us'd to clout my caldron.

*Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.*



The MALT-MAN.

THE maltman comes on Munday,  
 He craves wonder fair,  
 Cries, *Dame, come gi'e me my filler,*  
*Or malt ye fall ne'er get mair.*  
 I took him into the pantry,  
 And gave him some good cock-broo,  
 Syne paid him upon a gantree,  
 As hostler-wives should do.

When malt-men come for filler,  
 And gangers with wands o'er soon,  
 Wives, tak them a' down to the cellar,  
 And clear them as I have done.  
 This bewith, when cunzie is scanty,  
 Will keep them frae making din;  
 The knack I learn'd frae an auld aunty,  
 The snackest of a' my kin.

The maltman is right cunning,  
 But I can be as flee,  
 And he may crack of his winning,  
 When he clears scores with me:  
 For come when he likes, I'm ready;  
 But if frae hame I be,  
 Let him ~~come when he likes~~  
 She'll answer a bill for me.

BONNY BESSY.

Tune *Bessy's Haggies.*

BESSY's beauties shine sae bright,  
 Were her many virtues fewer,  
 She wad ever give delight,  
 And in transport make me view her.



Bonny Bessy, thee alane  
 Love I, naething else about thee;  
 With thy comeliness I'm tane,  
 And langer cannot live without thee.

Bessy's bosom's fast and warm,  
 Milk-white fingers still employ'd;  
 He who takes her to his arm,  
 Of her sweets can ne'er be cloy'd.  
 My dear Bessy, when the roses  
 Leave thy cheek, as thou grows aulder,  
 Virtue, which thy mind discloses,  
 Will keep love frae growing caulder.

Bessy's tocher is but scanty.  
 Yet her face and soul discovers  
 These enchanting sweets in plenty  
 Must entice a thousand lovers.  
 'Tis not money, but a woman  
 Of a temper kind and easy,  
 That gives happiness uncommon,  
 Petted things can nought but teaze ye.



*Omnia vincit Amor.*

**A**S I went forth to view the spring,  
 Which Flora had adorned  
 In raiment fair; now every thing  
 The rage of winter scorned:  
 I cast mine eye, and did espy  
 A youth, who made great clamor;  
 And drawing nigh, I heard him cry,  
*Ah! omnia vincit Amor.*  
 Upon his breast he lay along;  
 Hard by a murm'ring river,  
 And mournfully his doleful song  
 With sighs he did deliver:

Ah!



Ah ! Jeany's face has comely grace,  
 Her locks that shine like lammer,  
 With burning rays have cut my days ;  
 For *omnia vincit amor*.

Her glancy een like comets sheen,  
 The morning-sun outshining,  
 Have caught my heart in Cupid's-net,  
 And make me die with pining.  
 Durst I complain, nature's to blame,  
 So curiously to frame her,  
 Whose beauties rare make me with care  
 Cry, *Omnia vincit amor*.

Ye crystal streams that swiftly glide,  
 Be partners of my mourning,  
 Ye fragrant fields and meadows wide,  
 Condemn her for her scorning:  
 Let every tree a witness be,  
 How justly I may blame her ;  
 Ye chanting birds, note these my words,  
 Ah ! *omnia vincit amor*.

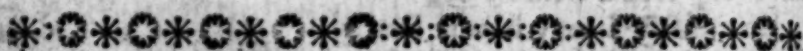
Had she been kind as she was fair,  
 She long had been admired,  
 And been ador'd for virtues rare,  
 Wh' of life now makes me tired.  
 Thus said, his breath began to fail,  
 He could not speak, but stammer ;  
 He sigh'd full sore, and said no more,  
 But *omnia vincit amor*.

When I observ'd him near to death,  
 I run in haste to save him,  
 But quickly he resign'd his breath,  
 So deep the wound love gave him.  
 Now for her sake this vow I'll make,  
 My tongue shall ay defame her,  
 While on his herse I'll write this verse,  
 Ah ! *omnia vincit amor*.



Straight I consider'd in my mind  
Upon the matter rightly,  
And found, though Cupid he be blind,  
He proves in pith most mighty.  
For warlike Mars, and thund'ring Jove,  
And Vulcan with his hammer,  
Did ever prove the slaves of love,  
For omnia vincit amor.

Hence we may see th' effects of love,  
Which gods and men keep under,  
That nothing can his bonds remove,  
Or torments break afunder:  
Nor wise, nor fool, need go to school,  
To learn this from his grammar;  
His heart's the book where he's to look,  
For *omnia vincit amor*.



The auld Wife beyont the Fire.

I.

**T**HERE was a wife won'd in a glen,  
And she had dochters nine or ten,  
That sought the house baith but and ben,  
To find their mam a snishing.

*The auld wife beyont the fire,  
The auld wife aneest the fire,  
The auld wife aboon the fire,  
She died for lack of snifing.*

## II.

Her mill into some hole had fawn,  
Whatrecks, quoth she, let it be gawn,  
For I maun hae a young goodman  
Shall furnish me with snithing.

The au/d wife, &c.

Her



## III.

Her eldest dochter said right bauld,  
 Fy, mother, mind that now ye're auld,  
 And if ye with a younker wald,  
 He'll waste away your snifhing,  
*The auld wife, &c.*

## IV.

The youngest dochter ga'e a shout,  
 O mother dear! your teeth's a' out,  
 Besides ha'f blind, you have the gout,  
 Your mill can had nae snifhing,  
*The auld wife, &c.*

## V.

Ye lied, ye limmers, cries auld mump,  
 For I hae baith a tooth and stump,  
 And will nae langer live in dump,  
 By wanting of my snifhing,  
*The auld wife, &c.*

## VI.

Thole ye, says Peg, that pawky flus  
 Mother, if ye can crack a nut,  
 Then we will a' consent to it,  
 That you shall have a snifhing,  
*The auld wife, &c.*

## VII.

The auld ane did agree to that,  
 And they a pistol-bullet gat;  
 She powerfully began to crack,  
 To win hersell a snifhing,  
*The auld wife, &c.*

Note, Snifhing, in its literal meaning, is snuff made of tobacco; but, in this song, it means sometimes contentment, a husband, love, money, &c.



## VIII.

Braw sport it was to see her chow't,  
 And 'tween her gums sae squeez and row't,  
 While frae her jaws the flaver flow'd,  
 And ay she curs'd poor stumpy.

*The auld wife, &c.*

## IX.

At last she ga'e a desperate squeez,  
 Which brak the lang tooth by the neez,  
 And syne poor stumpy was at ease,  
 But she tint hopes of snishing.

*The auld wife, &c.*

## X.

She of the task began to tire,  
 And frae her dochters did retire,  
 Syne lean'd her down ayont the fire,  
 And died for lack of snishing.

*The auld wife, &c.*

## XI.

Ye auld wives, notice well this truth,  
 Asoon as ye're past mark of mouth,  
 Ne'er do what's only fit for youth,  
 And leave aff thoughts of snishing:  
*Else, like this wife beyont the fire,  
 Ye'r bairns against you will conspire;  
 Nor will ye get, unless ye hire,  
 A young man with your snishing.*

\*\*\*\*\*

I'll never love thee more.

**M**Y dear and only love, I pray,  
 That little world of thee,  
 Be govern'd by no other sway,  
 But purest monarchy:



For if confusion have a part,  
Which virtuous souls abhor,  
I'll call a synod in my heart,  
And never love thee more.  
As Alexander I will reign,  
And I will reign alone,  
My thoughts did evermore disdain  
A rival on my throne.  
He either fears his fate too much,  
Or his deserts are small,  
Who dares not put it to the touch,  
To gain or lose it all

But I will reign, and govern still,  
And always give the law,  
And have each subject at my will,  
And all to stand in awe:  
But 'gainst my batt'ries if I find  
Thou storm or vex me sore,  
As if thou set me as a blind,  
I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,  
If others do pretend a part,  
Or dares to share with me:  
Or committees if thou erect,  
Or go on such a score,  
I'll smiling mock at thy neglect,  
And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain  
Thy love and constant word,  
I'll make thee famous by my pen,  
And glorious by my sword.  
I'll serve thee in such noble ways,  
As ne'er was known before:  
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,  
And love thee more and more.

The



## The BLACKBIRD.

UPON a fair morning, for soft recreation,  
 I heard a fair lady was making her moan,  
 With sighing and sobbing, and sad lamentation,  
 Saying, my *blackbird* most royal is flown.

My thoughts they deceive me,  
 Reflections do grieve me,  
 And I am o'erburden'd with sad misery;  
 Yet, if death should blind me,  
 As true love inclines me,

My *blackbird* I'll seek out, wherever he be.

Once in fair England my *blackbird* did flourish,  
 He was the chief flower that in it did spring;  
 Prime ladies of honour his person did nourish,  
 Because he was the true son of a king!

But since that false fortune,  
 Which still is uncertain,  
 Has caused this parting between him and me,  
 His name I'll advance

In Spain and in France,  
 And seek out my *blackbird* wherever he be.

The birds of the forest all met together,  
 The turtle has chosen to dwell with the dove;  
 And I am resolv'd, in foul or fair weather,  
 Once in the spring to seek out my love.

He's all my heart's treasure,  
 My joy and my pleasure;  
 And justly (my love) my heart follows thee,

Who art constant and kind,  
 And courageous of mind,  
 All bliss on my *blackbird* wherever he be.

In England my *blackbird* and I were together,  
 Where he was still noble and gen'rous of heart;  
 Ah! wo to the time that first he went thither,  
 Alas! he was forc'd from thence to depart.



In Scotland he's deem'd,  
 And highly esteem'd,  
 In England he seemeth a stranger to be;  
 Yet his fame shall remain  
 In France and in Spain;  
 All bliss to my *blackbird*, wherever he be.  
 What if the fowler my *blackbird* has taken,  
 Then sighing and sobbing will be all my tune;  
 But if he is safe, I'll not be forsaken,  
 And hope yet to see him in May or in June.  
 For him through the fire,  
 Through mud and through mire,  
 I'll go; for I love him to such a degree,  
 Who is constant and kind,  
 And noble of mind,  
 Deserving all blessings, wherever he be.  
 It is not the ocean can fright me with danger,  
 Nor though, like a pilgrim, I wander forlorn,  
 I may meet with friendship of one is a stranger,  
 More than of one that in Britain is born.  
 I pray heaven so spacious,  
 To Britain be gracious,  
 Tho' some there be odious to both him and me;  
 Yet joy and renown,  
 And laurels shall crown  
 My *blackbird* with honour, wherever he be.

---

Tak your auld cloak about ye.

IN winter when the rain rain'd cauld,  
 And frost and snaw on ilka hill,  
 And Boreas, with his blasts sac bald,  
 Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill:  
 Then Bell, my wife, wha loves na strife,  
 She said to me right hastily,  
 Get up, goodman, save Cromy's life,  
 And tak your auld cloak about you.



My Cromie is an useful cow,  
 And she is come of a good kine ;  
 Aft has she wet the bairns mou,  
 And I am laith that she shou'd tyne ;  
 Get up, goodman, it is fou time,  
 The sun shines in the lift sae hie ;  
 Sloth never made a gracious end :  
 Go tak your auld clock about ye.

My cloak was anes a good grey cloak,  
 When it was fitting for my wear ;  
 But now it's scanly worth a groat,  
 For I have worn't these thirty year :  
 Let's spend the gear that we have won,  
 We little ken the day we'll die :  
 Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn  
 To have a new cloak about me.

In days when our king Robert rang,  
 His trews they cost but ha'f a crown ;  
 He said, they were a groat o'er dear,  
 And call'd the taylor thief and loun.  
 He was the king that wore the crown,  
 And thou'rt a man of laigh degree ;  
 'Tis pride puts a' the country down,  
 Sae tak thy auld cloak about thee.

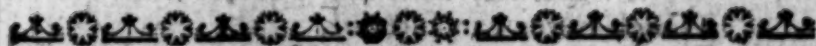
Every land has its ain laugh,  
 Ilk kind of corn it has its hool ;  
 I think the warld is a' run wrang,  
 When ilka wife her man wad rule.  
 Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,  
 As they are girded gallantly,  
 While I fit hurklen in the ase ?  
 I'll have a new cloak about me.

Goodman, I wat it's thirty years  
 Since we did ane anither ken ;  
 And we have had between us twa,  
 Oflads and bonny lasses ten ;



Now they are women grown and men,  
 I wish and pray well may they be;  
 And if you prove a good husband,  
 E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Bell, my wife, she loves na strife;  
 But she wad guide me, if she can,  
 And to maintain an easy life,  
 I aft maun yield though I'm goodman:  
 Nought's to be won at woman's hand,  
 Unless ye give her all the plea:  
 Then I'll leave aff where I began,  
 And take my auld cloak about me.



### The Quadruple Alliance.

*Tune, Jocky blyth and gay.*

**S**WIFT, Sandy, Young, and Gay,  
 Are still my heart's delight,  
 I sing their sangs by day,  
 And read their tales at night.  
 If frae their books I be,  
 'Tis dulness then with me;  
 But when these stars appear,  
 Jokes, smiles, and wit thine clear.

Swift, with uncommon style,  
 And wit that flows with ease,  
 Instructs us with a smile,  
 And never fails to please.  
 Bright Sandy gladly sings  
 Of heroes, gods, and kings:  
 He well deserves the bays,  
 And ev'ry Briton's praise.



While thus our Homer shines,  
Young with Horatian flame,  
Corrects these false designs  
We push in love of fame,  
Blyth Gay, in pawky strains,  
Makes villains, clowns, and swains  
Reprove, with biting leer,  
Those in a higher sphere.

Swift, Sandy, Young, and Gay,  
Long may you give delight ;  
Let all the *dunces* bray,  
You're far above their spite ;  
Such from a malice sour,  
Write nonsense, lame and poor,  
Which never can succeed,  
For who the trash will read ?

*The End of the FIRST VOLUME,*



